



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON



SPIN SHAW



POISON IVY



MICKEY FINN

FEATURE

COMICS

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4



APRIL No. 97

10¢

DOES
The **DOLL MAN**
halt the Return of
The **PEACOCK**
and his
Feathered Felons?



LALA PALOOZA



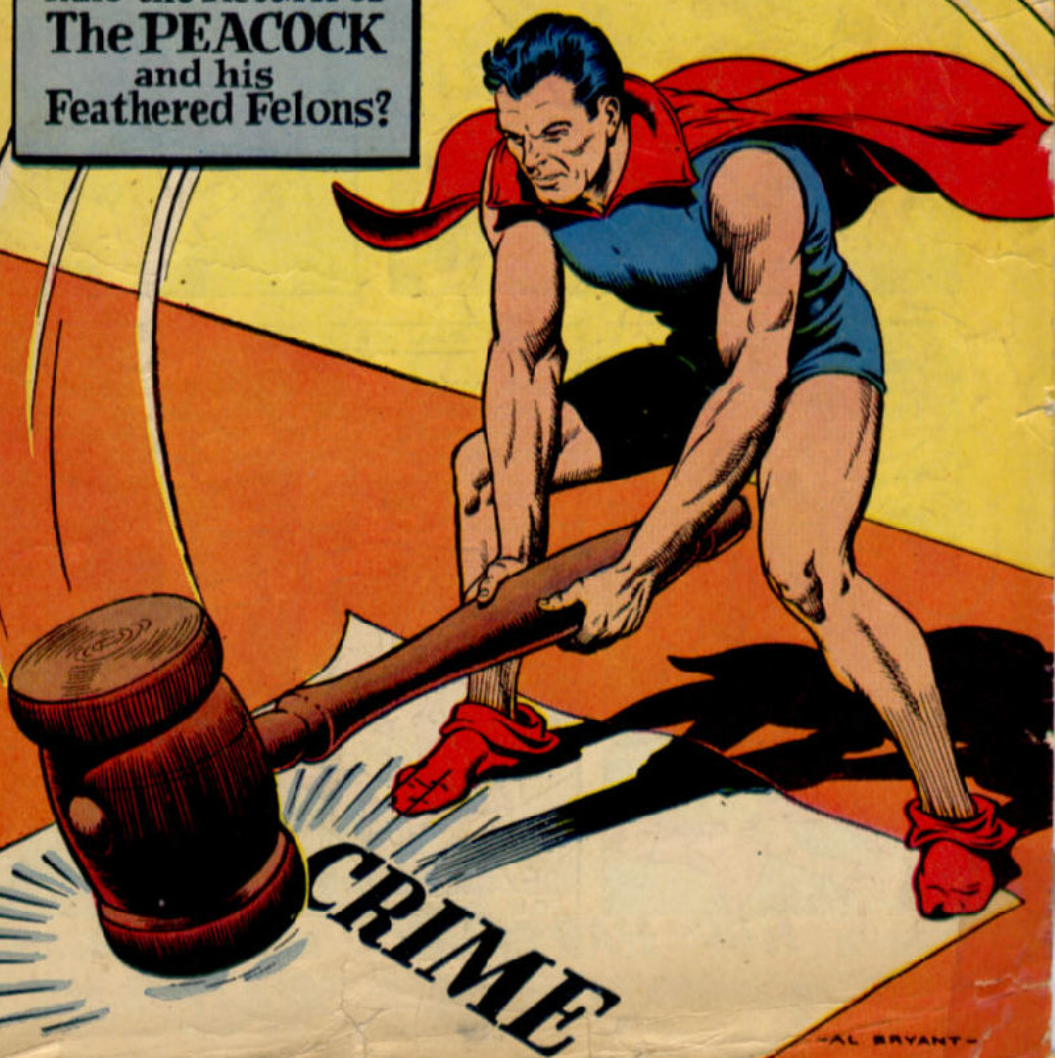
BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN



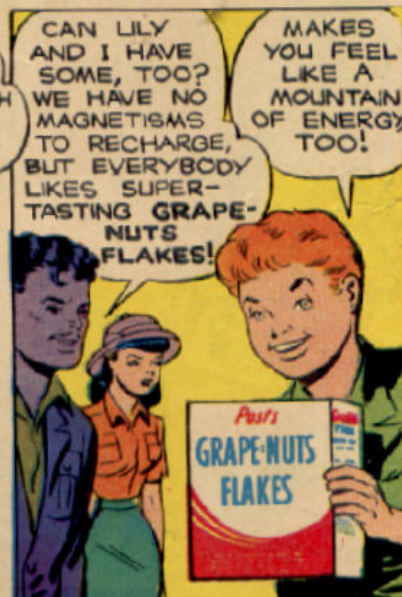
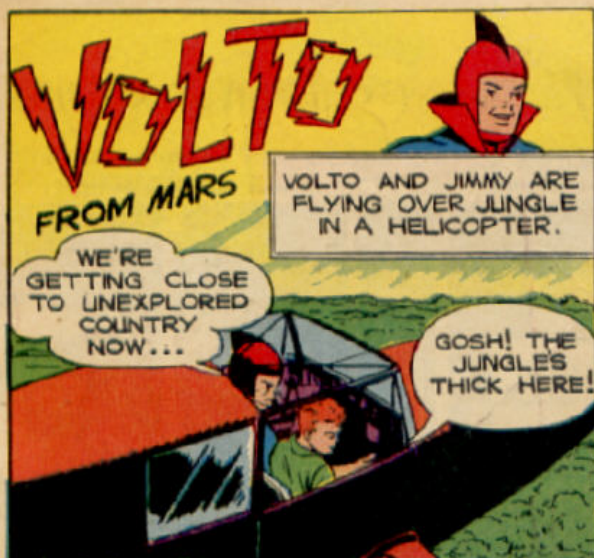
PERKY



-AL BRYANT-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



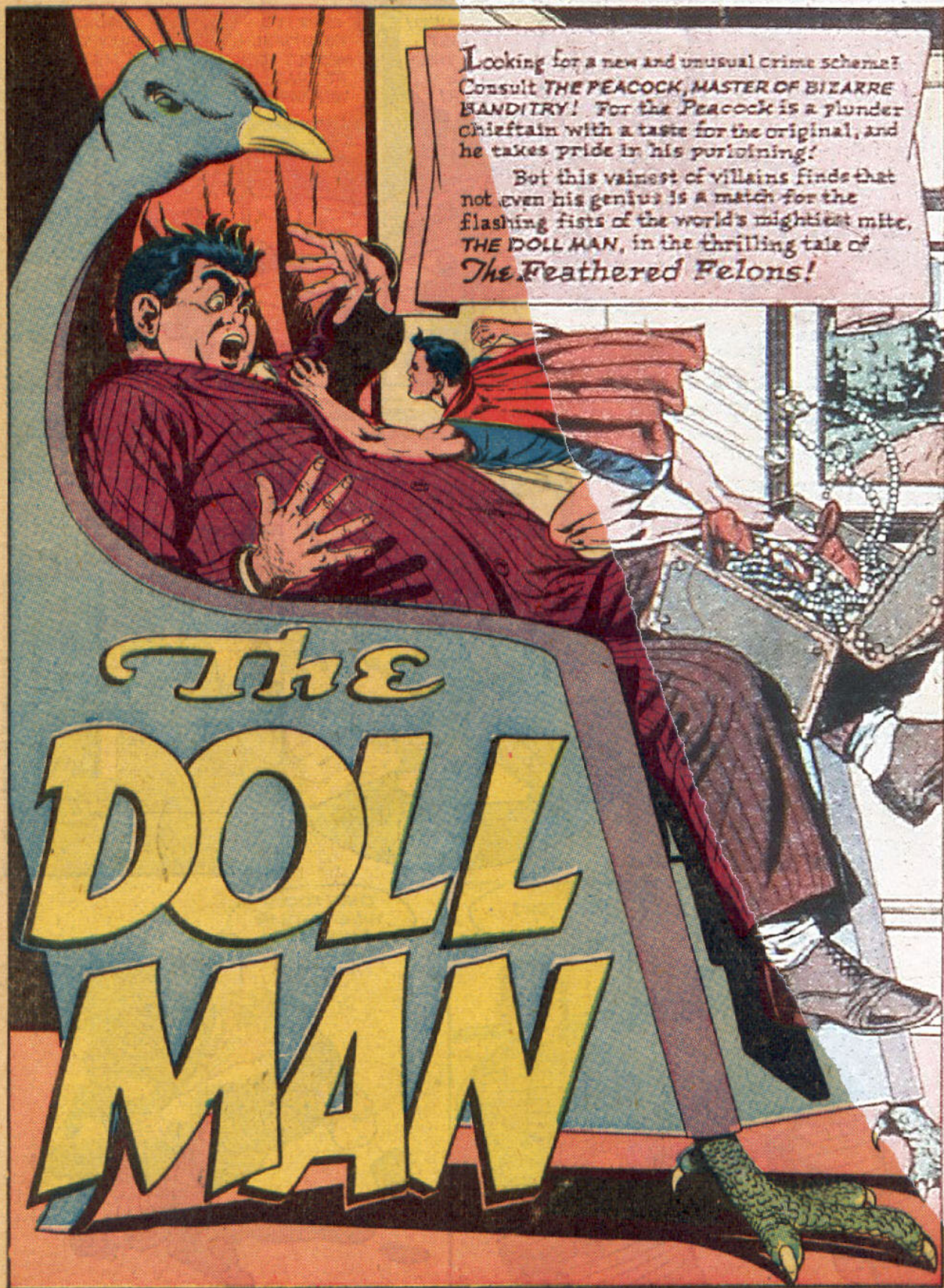
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

FEATURE COMICS, April, 1946, No. 57. Published monthly except December and June by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Currier Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Gwen Harries, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.75 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.05. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second class matter August 26, 1937, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events depicted herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 985 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1946 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

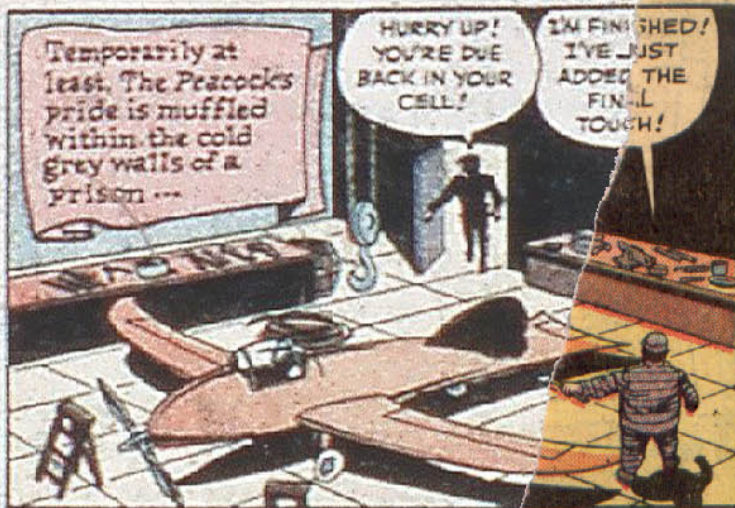
Looking for a new and unusual crime scheme? Consult **THE PEACOCK**, MASTER OF BIZARRE BANDITRY! For the Peacock is a plunder chieftain with a taste for the original, and he takes pride in his porpoising!

But this vainest of villains finds that not even his genius is a match for the flashing fists of the world's mightiest mite, **THE DOLL MAN**, in the thrilling tale of *The Feathered Felons!*

The DOLL MAN

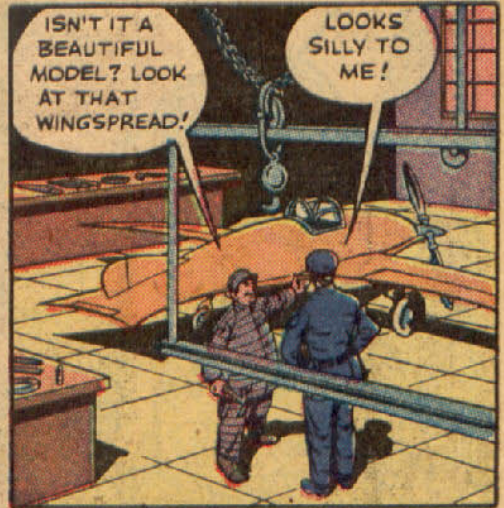


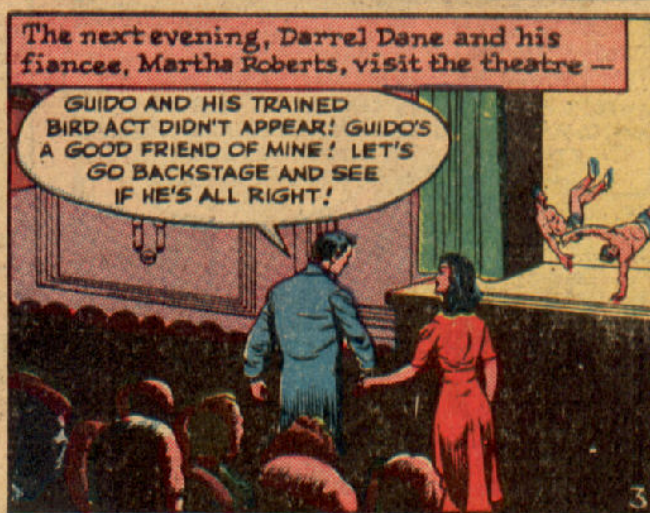
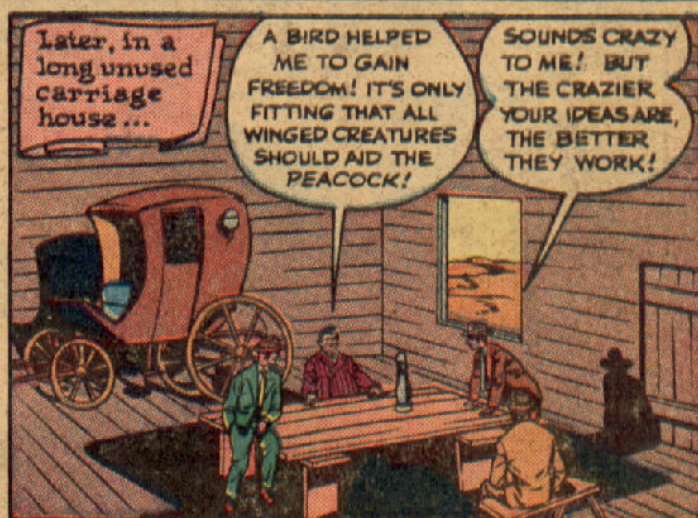
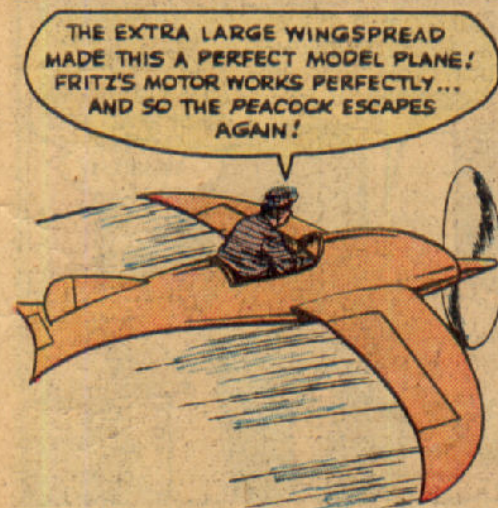
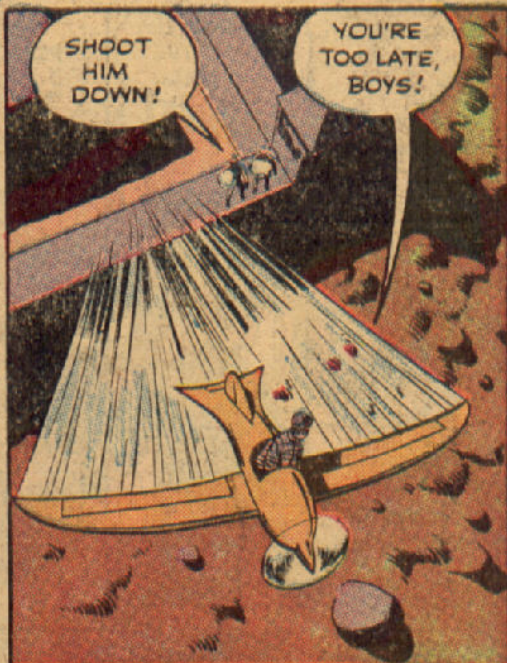
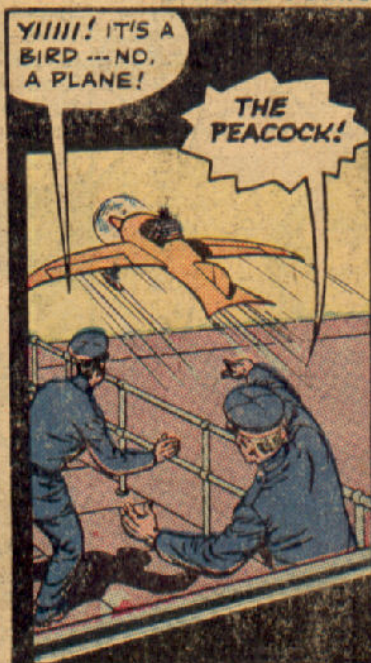
FEATURE COMICS



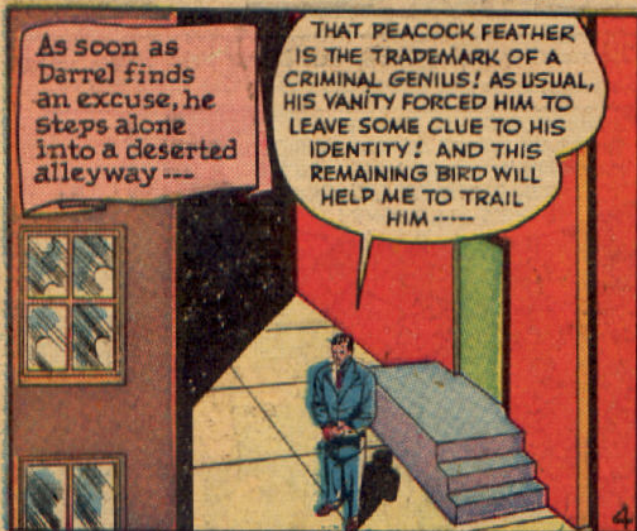
HURRY UP!
YOU'RE DUE
BACK IN YOUR
CELL!

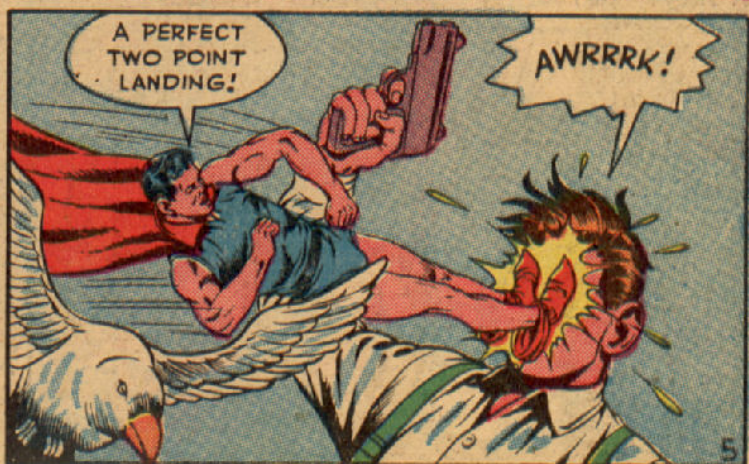
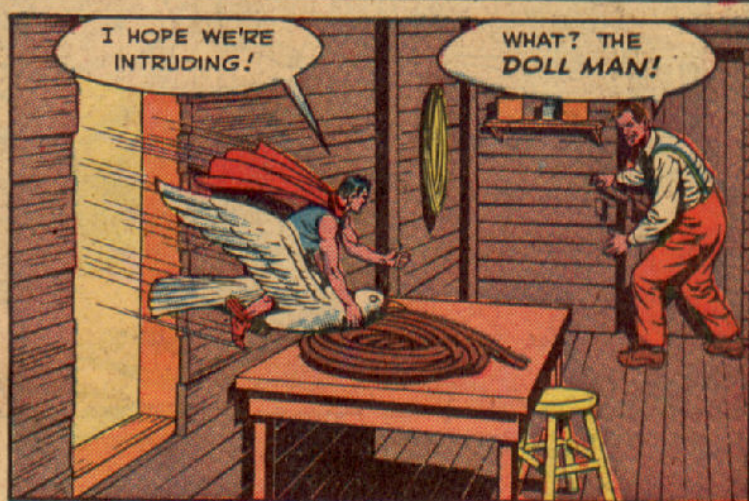
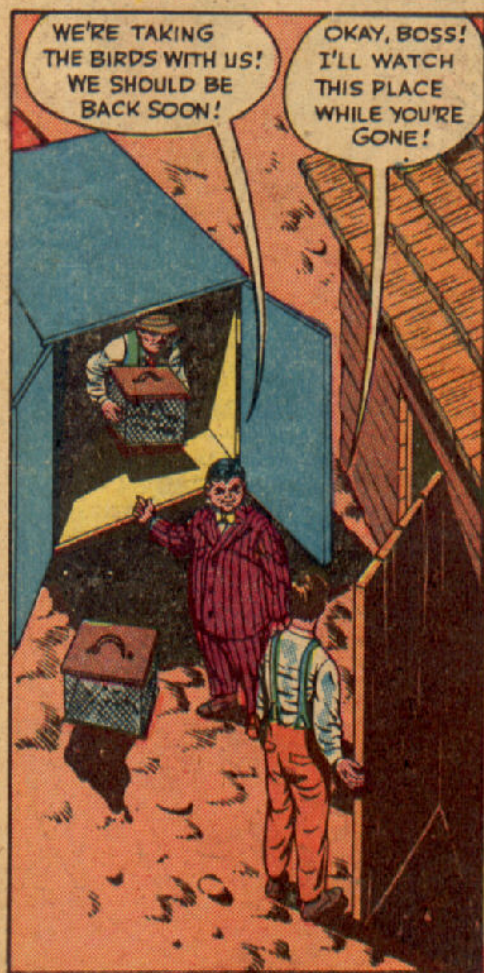
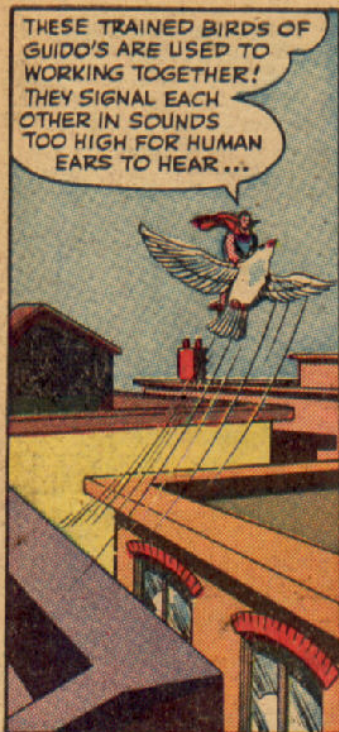
I'M FINISHED!
I'VE JUST
ADDED THE
FINAL
TOUCH!

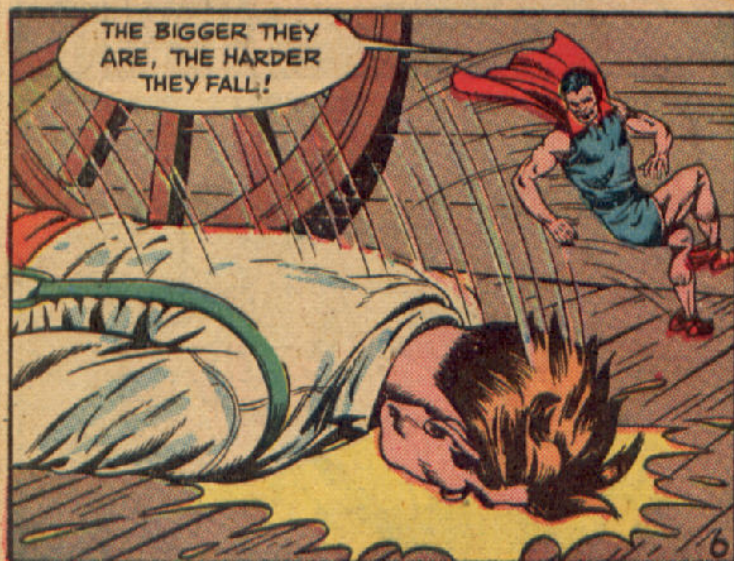
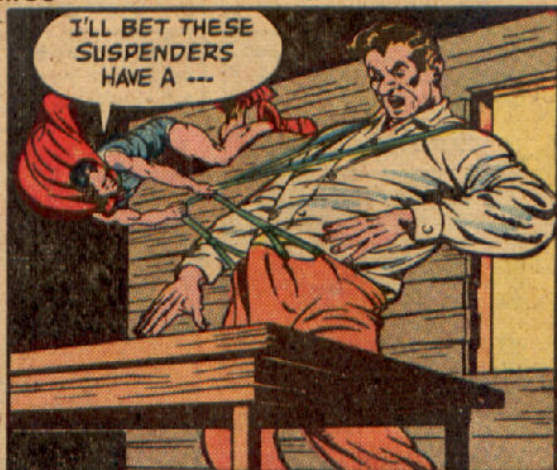


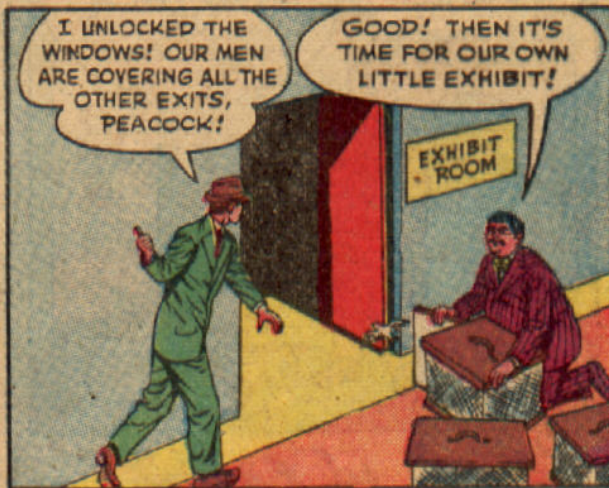
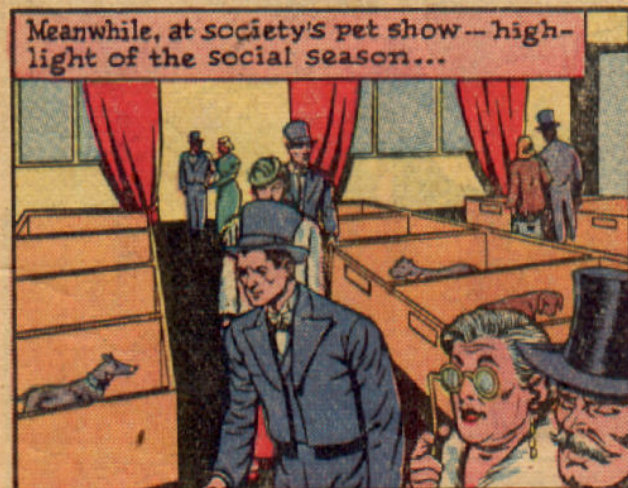
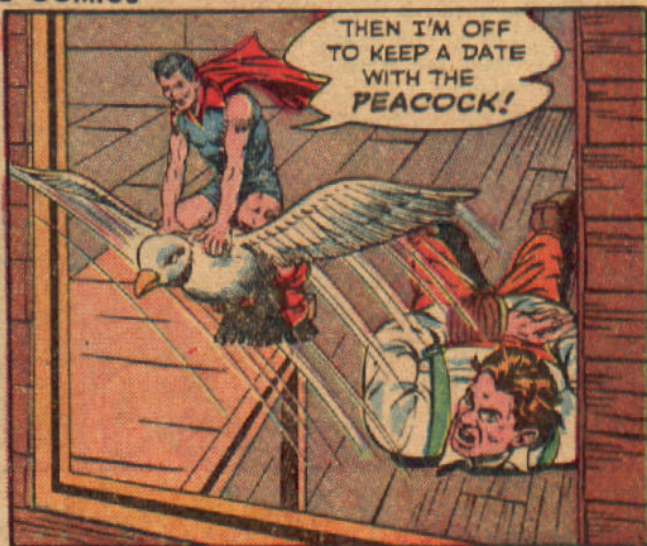
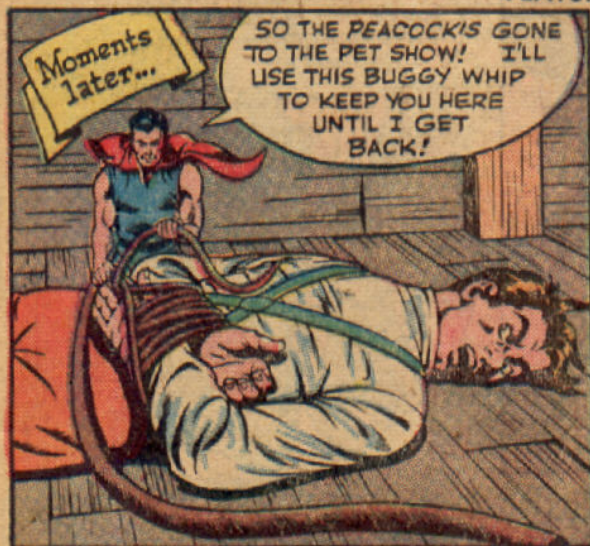


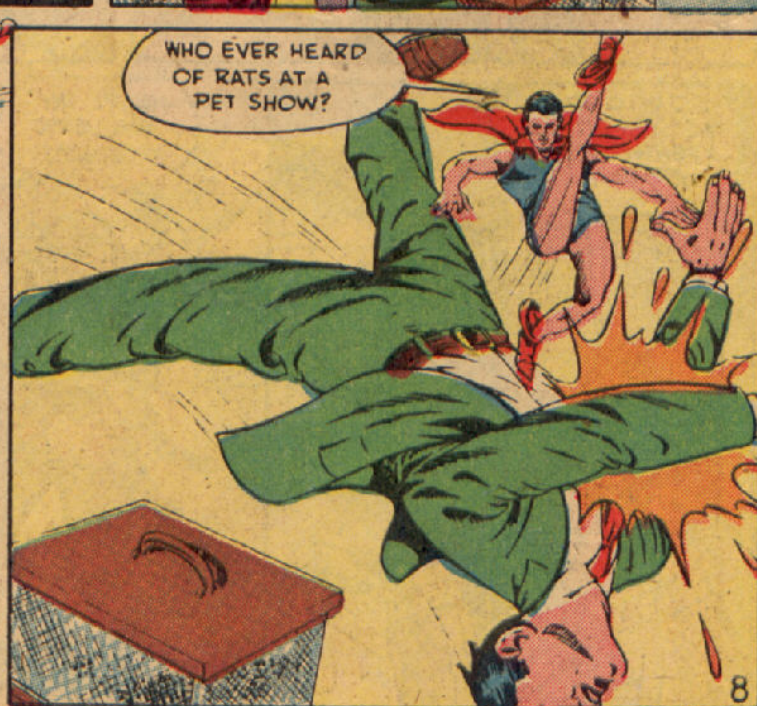
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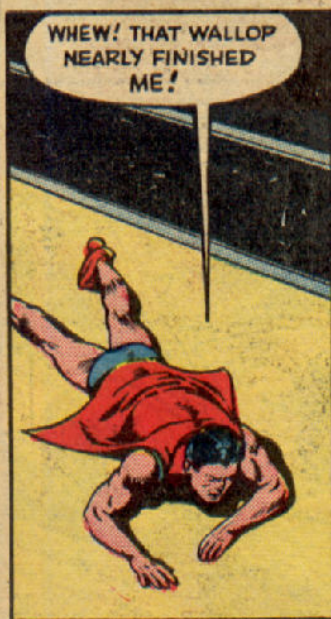
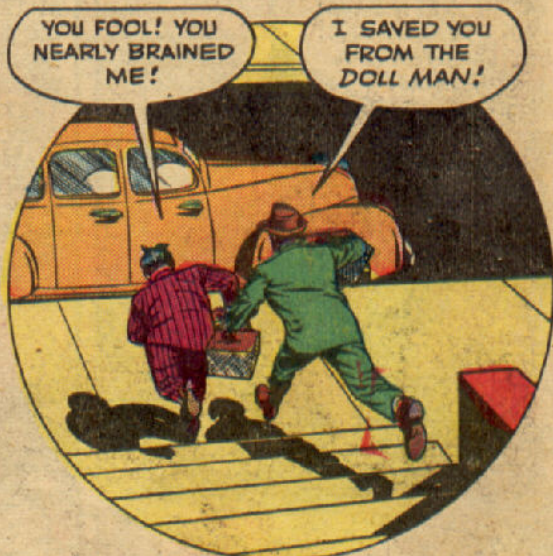
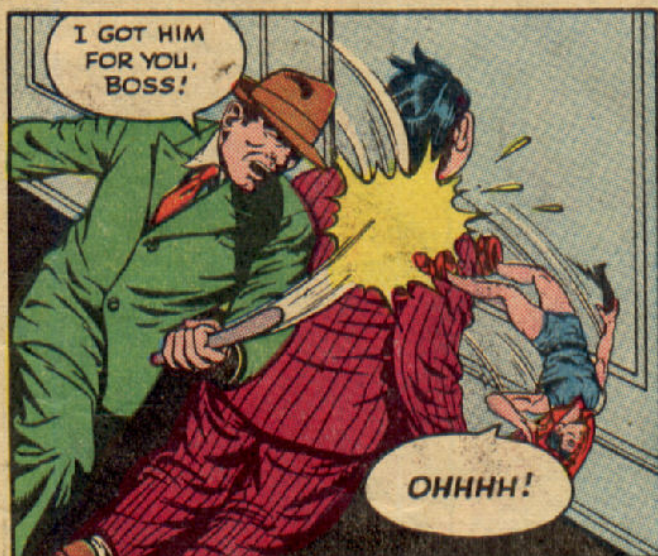
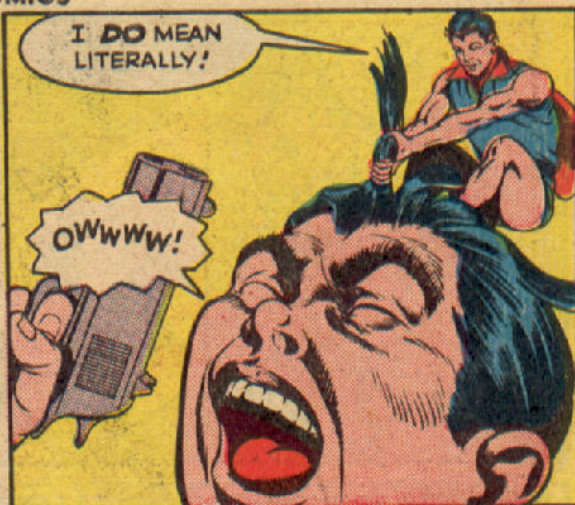




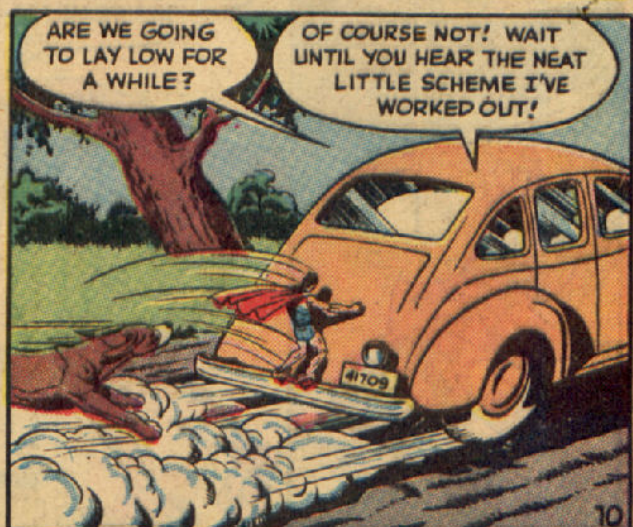
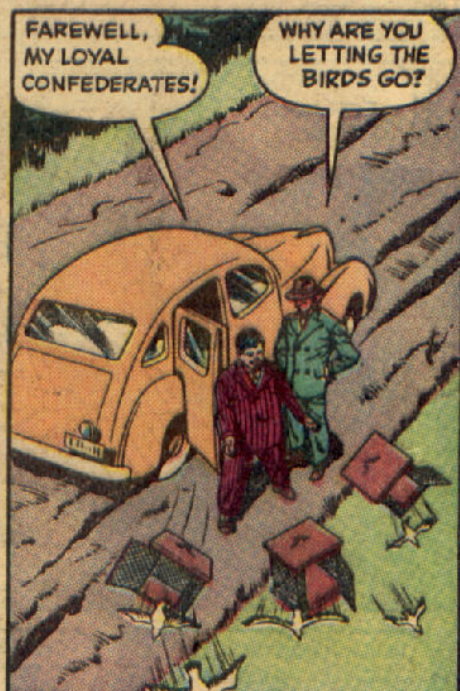
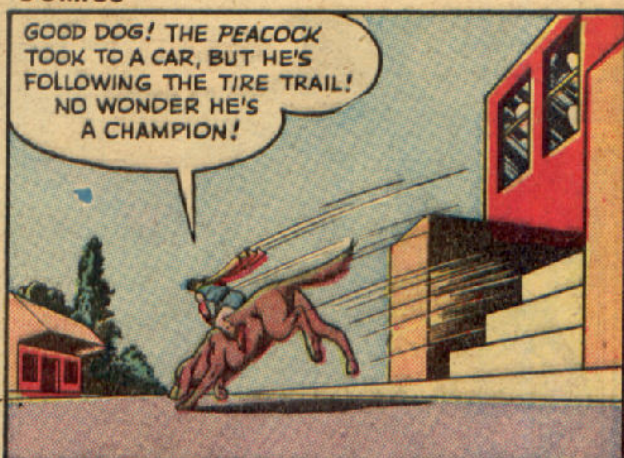




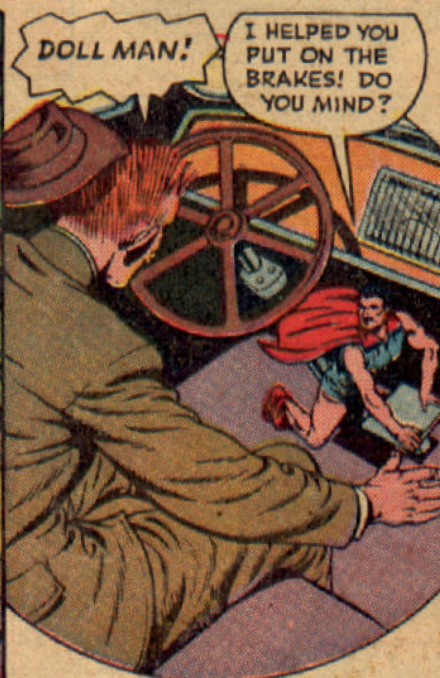
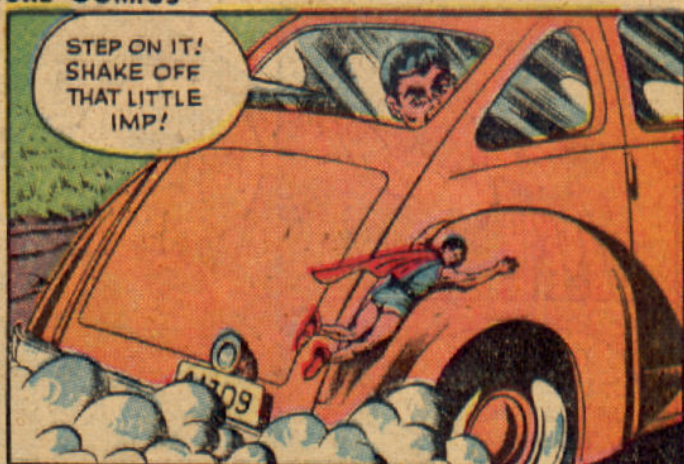
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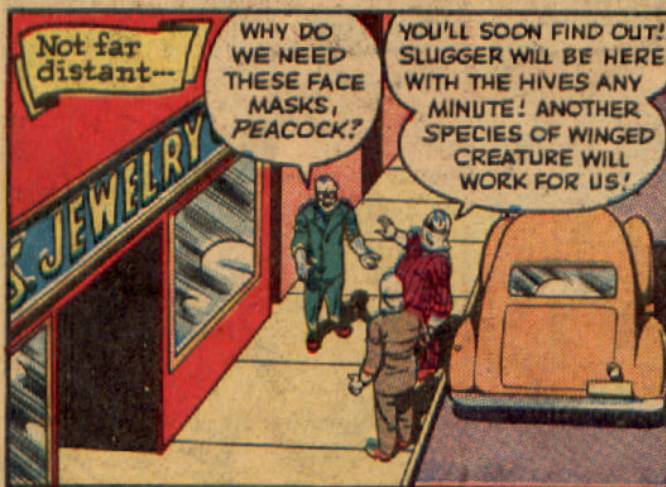
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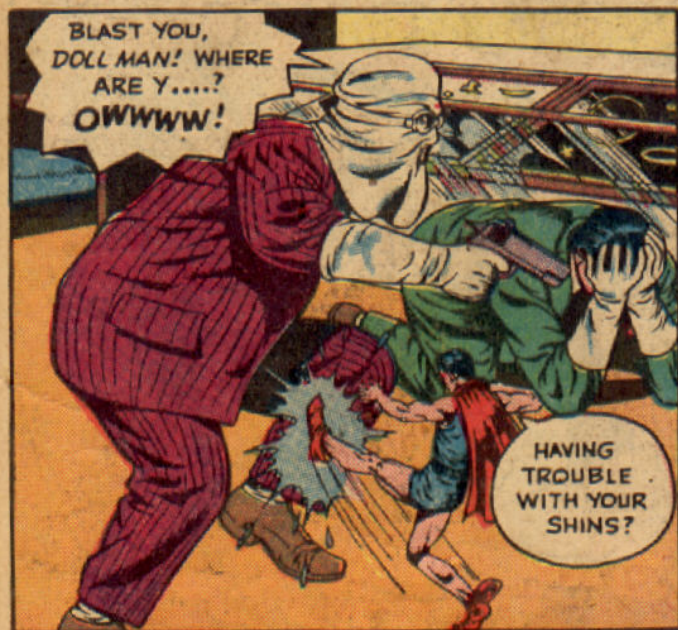
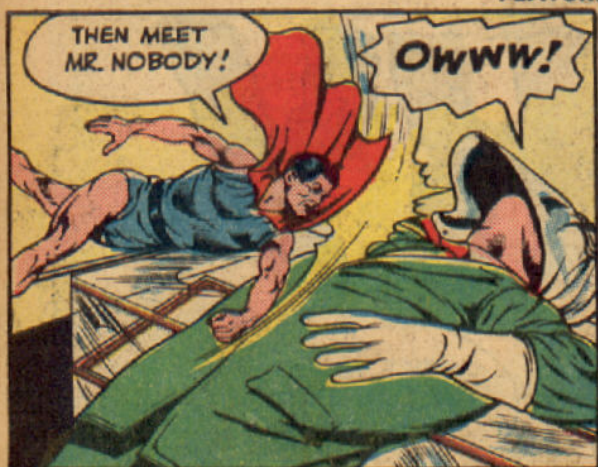


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



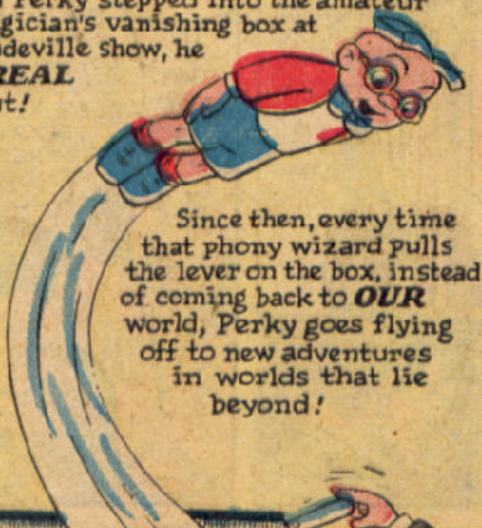


PERKY

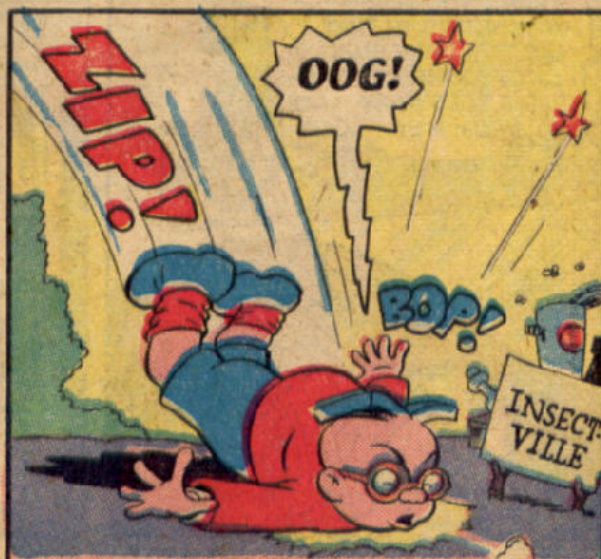
by
S. LATAKUS

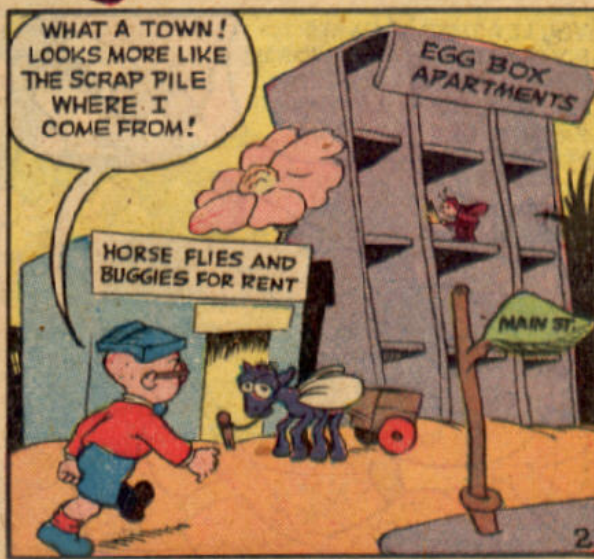
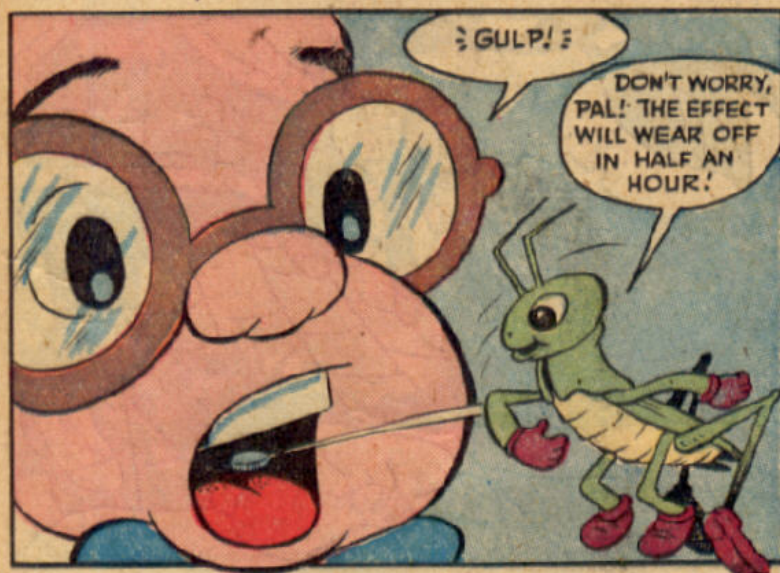
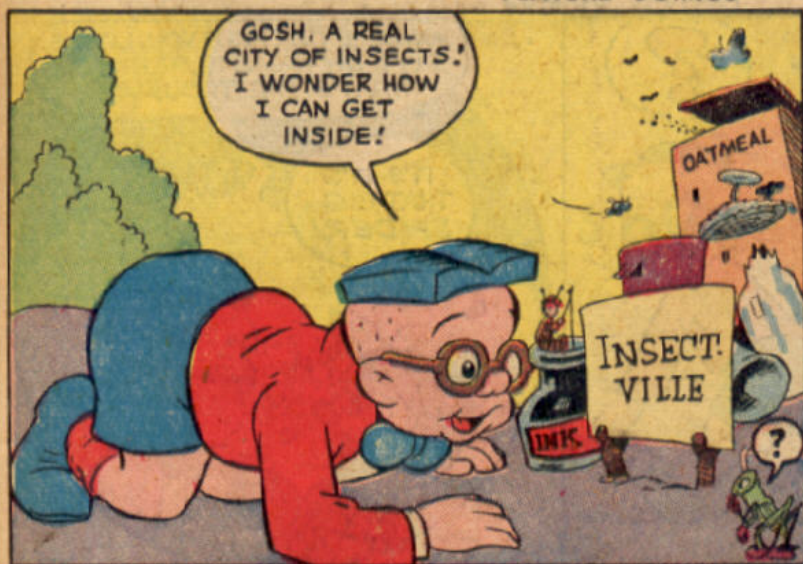


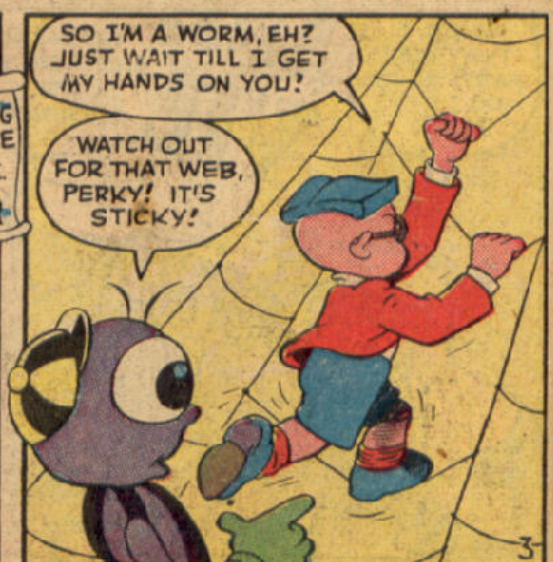
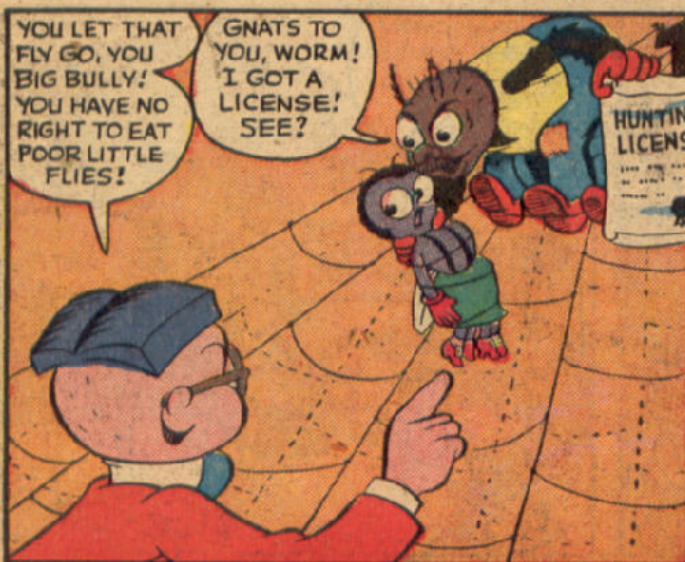
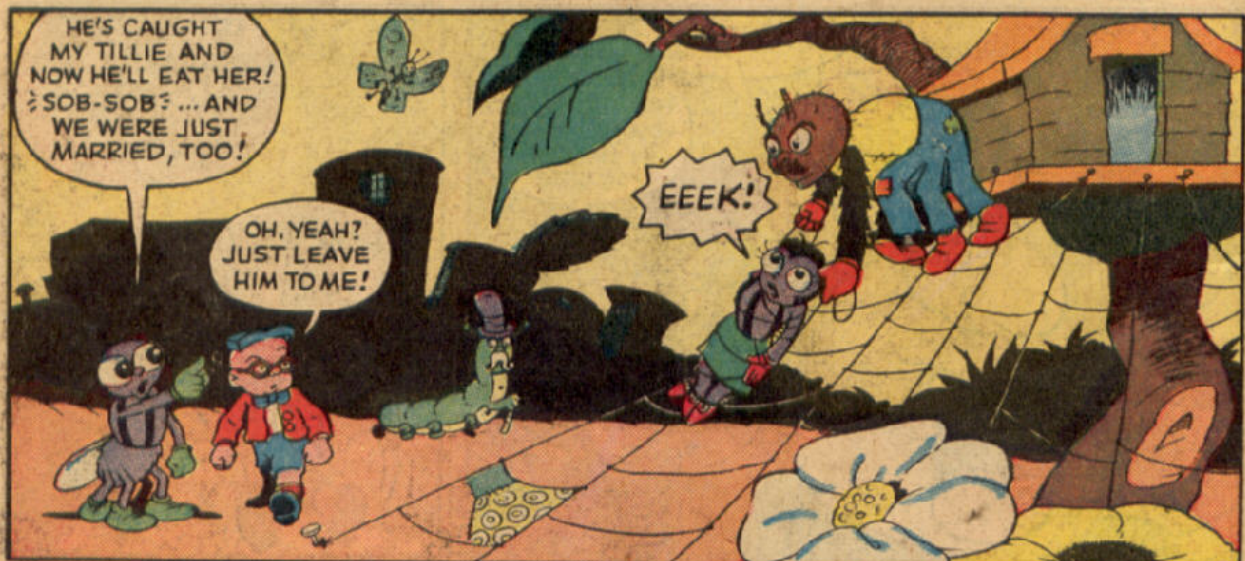
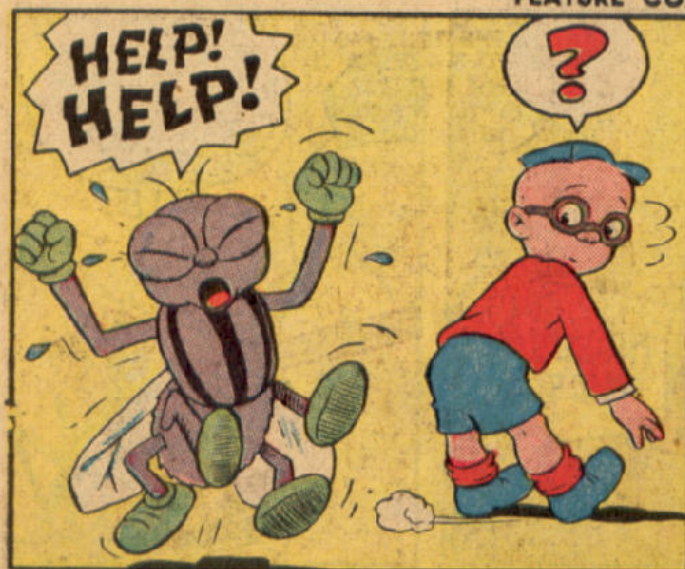
WHEN Perky stepped into the amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show, he did a **REAL** fadeout!

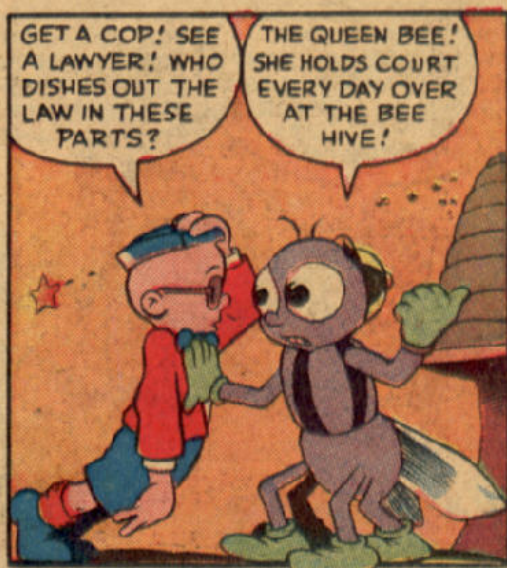
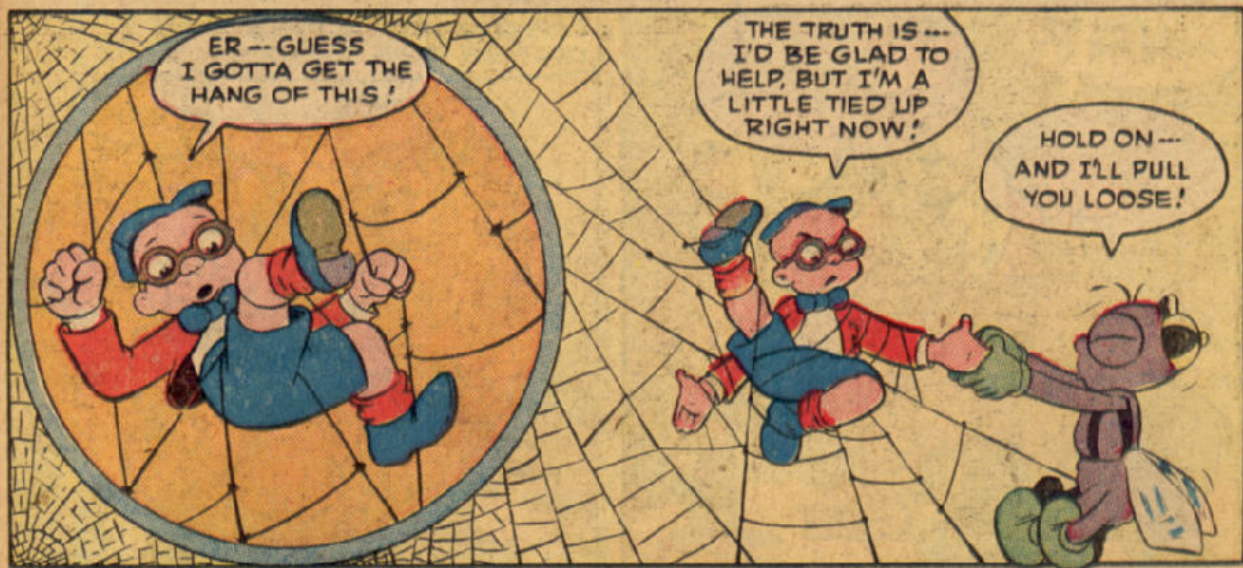


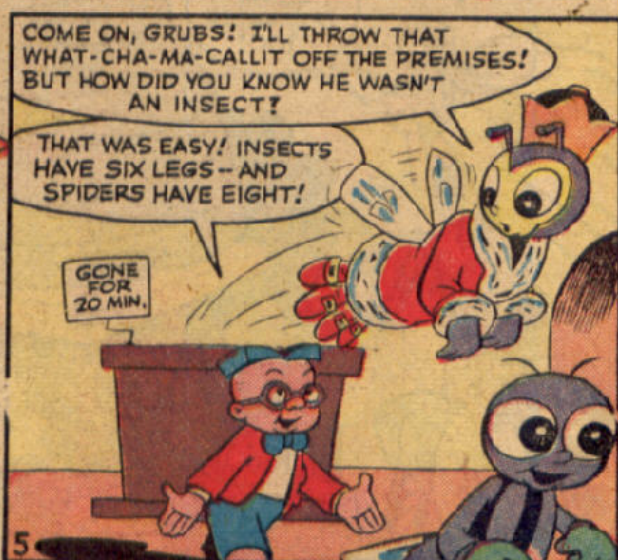
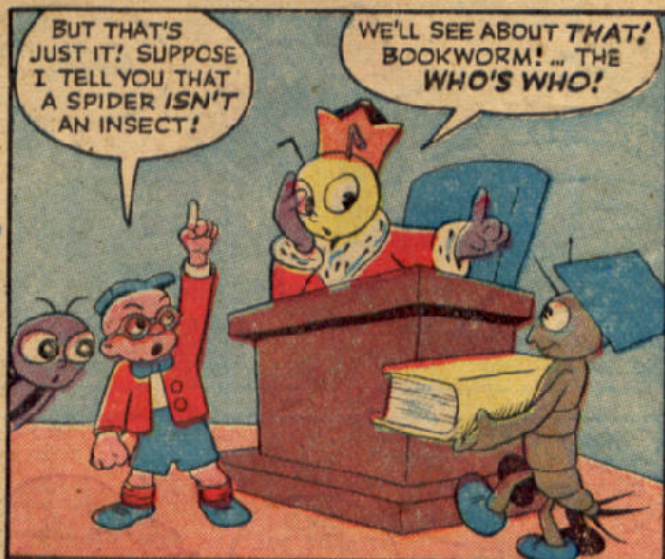
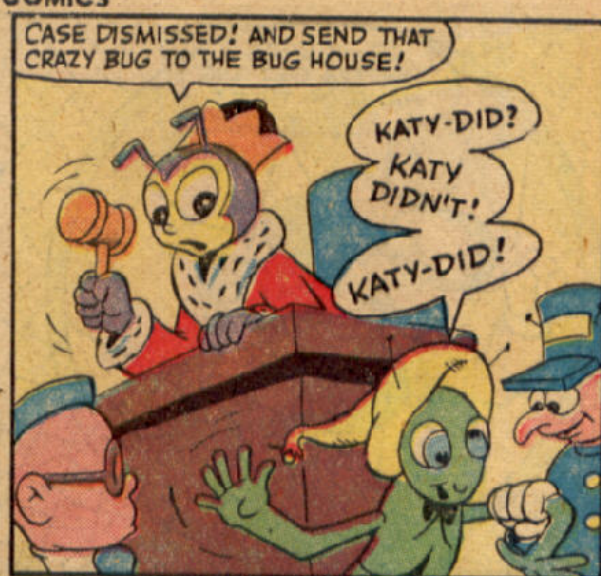
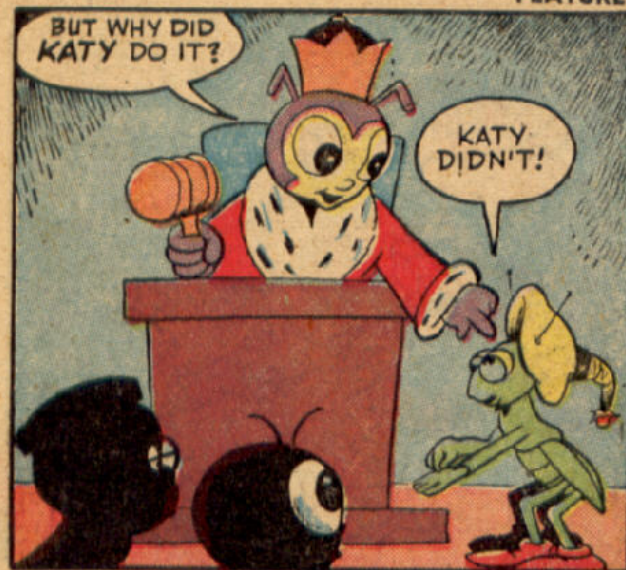
Since then, every time that phony wizard pulls the lever on the box, instead of coming back to **OUR** world, Perky goes flying off to new adventures in worlds that lie beyond!



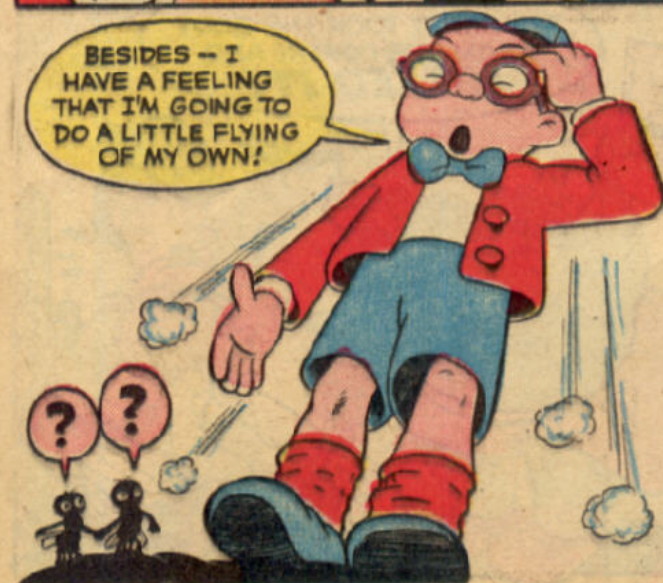
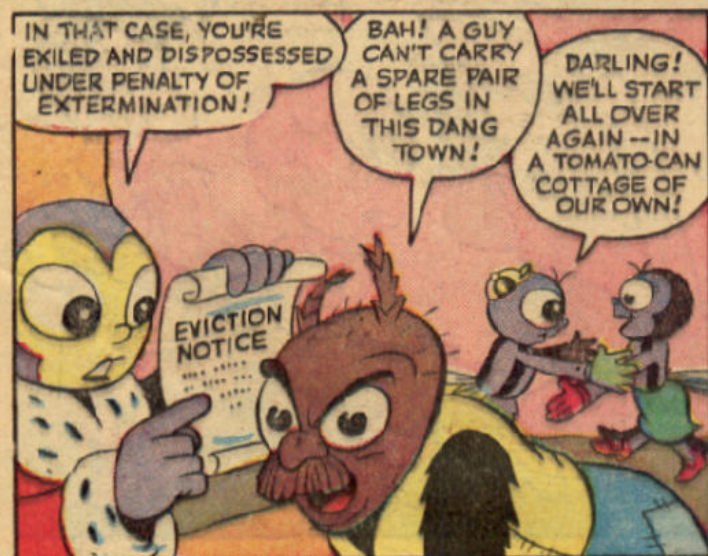
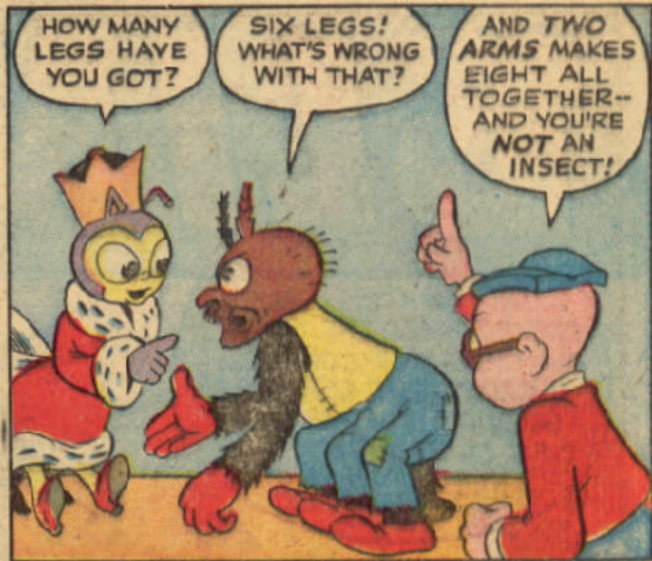
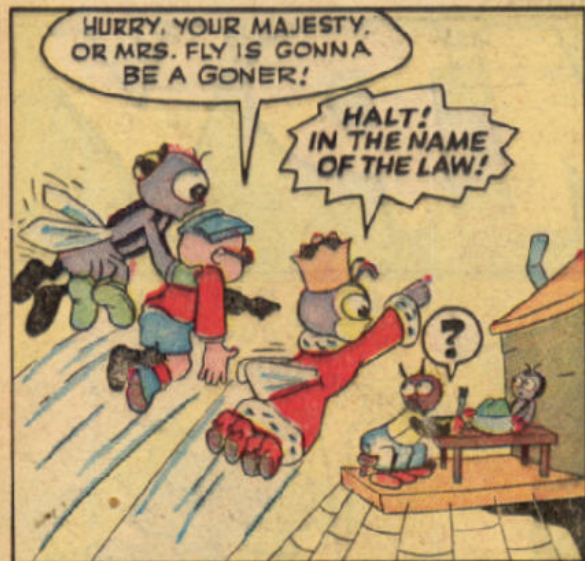








FEATURE COMICS



BLIMPY

... AND THEN THE GHOST
CREPT TOWARD THE GRAVE
AND OPENED THE COFFIN!...
"CLOSE THE LID,"
CRIED THE DEAD BODY!
"I CAN'T FIGHT
BACK!" GULP

G-GOSH, B-BLIMPY,
THIS IS AWFUL!
GULP!

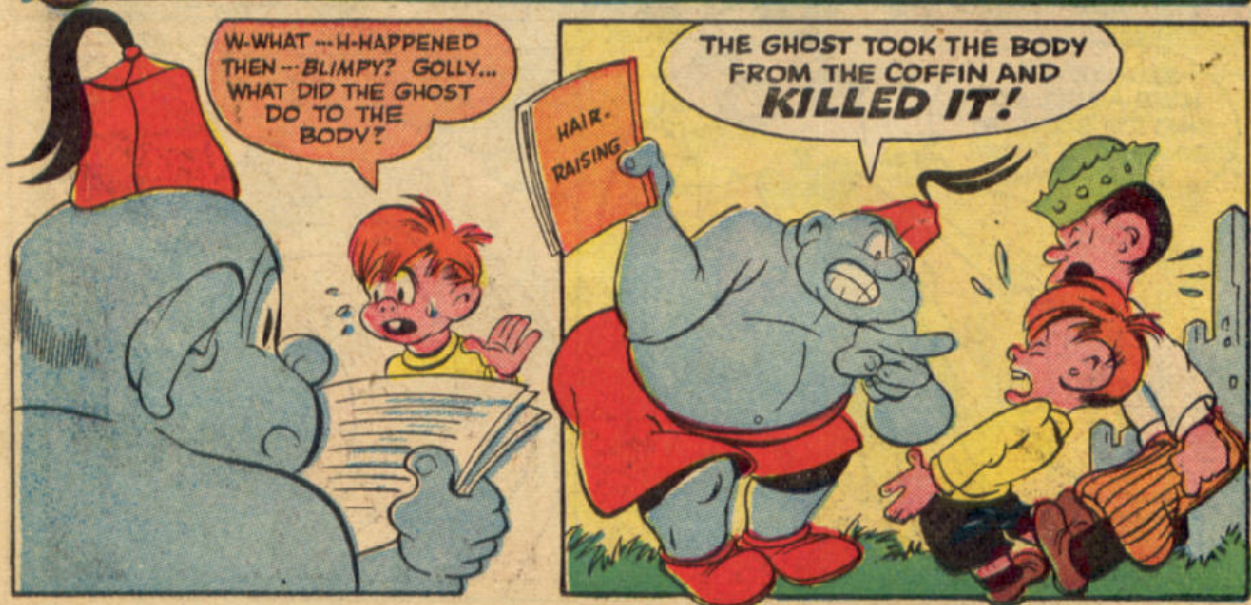
WOW!

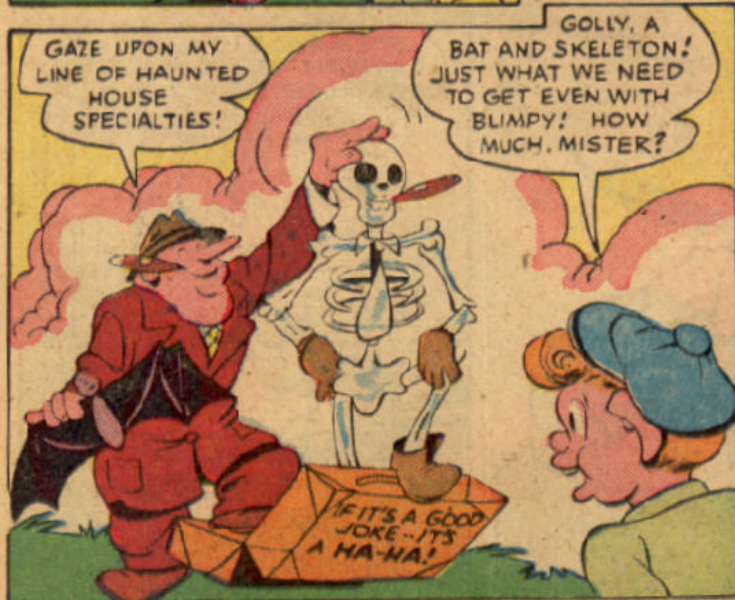
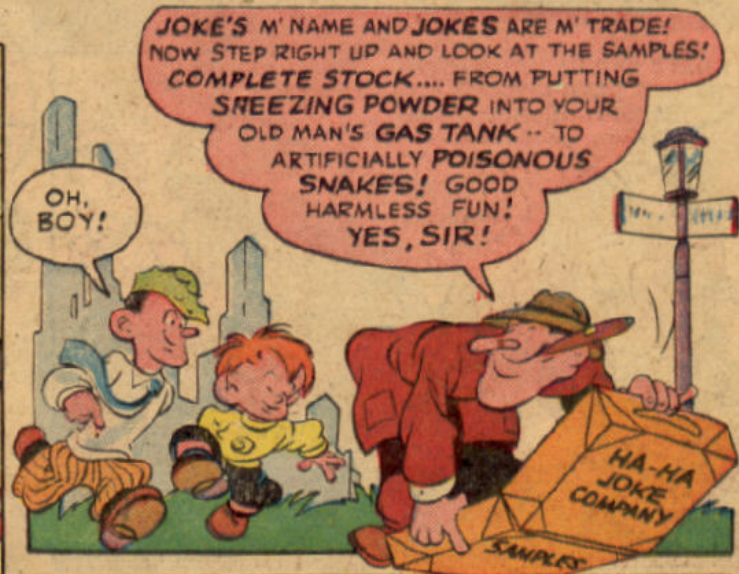


by AL STAHL

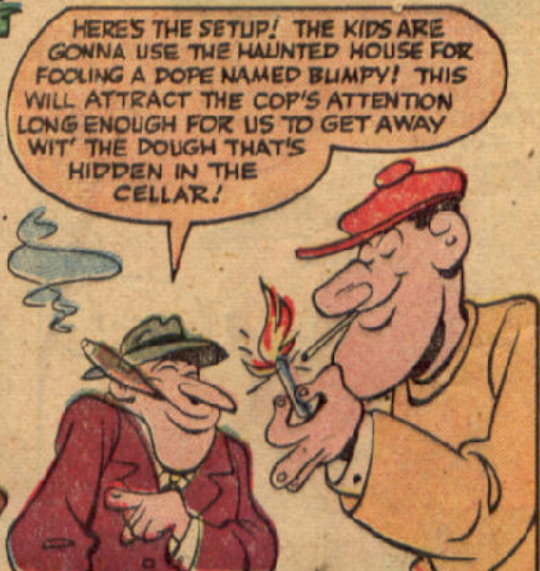
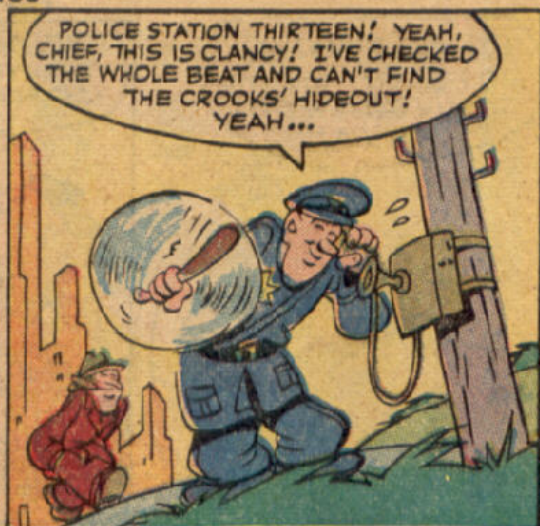
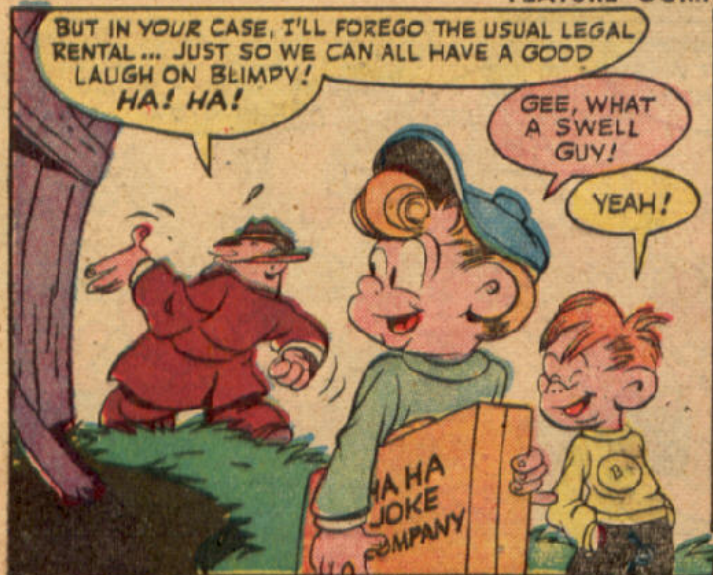
W-WHAT... H-HAPPENED
THEN... BLIMPY? GOLLY...
WHAT DID THE GHOST
DO TO THE
BODY?

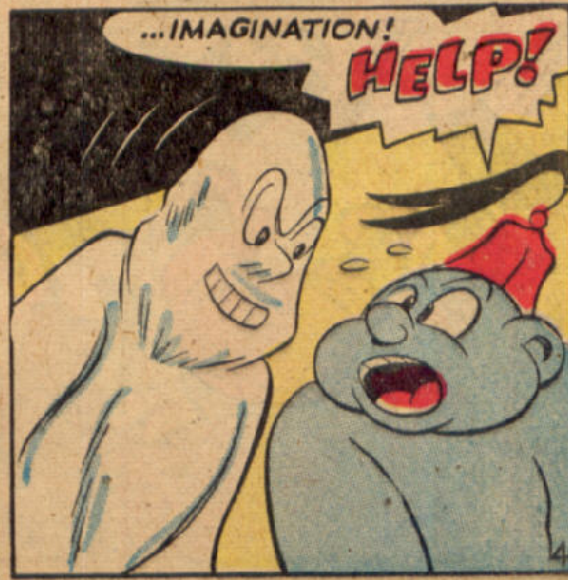
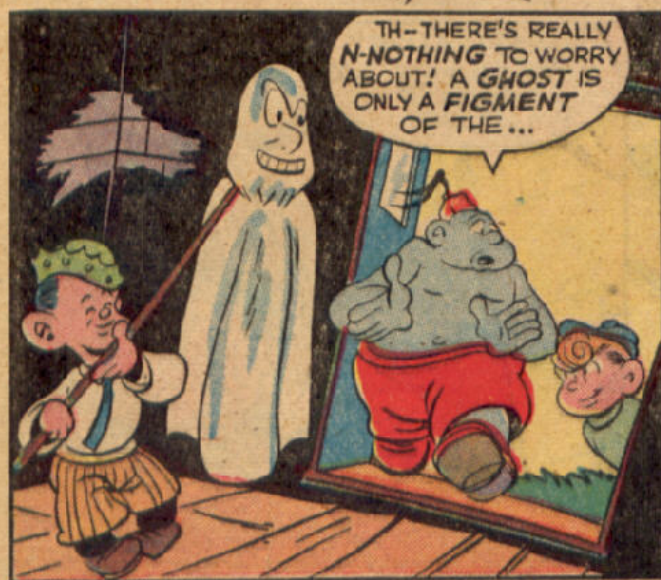
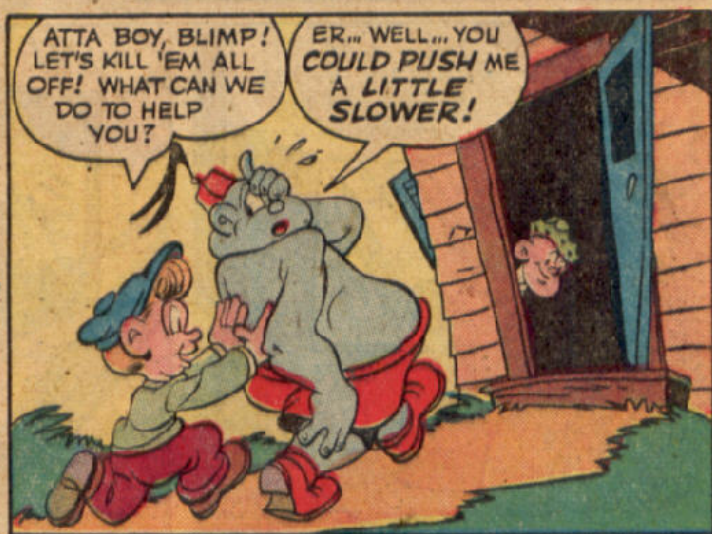
THE GHOST TOOK THE BODY
FROM THE COFFIN AND
KILLED IT!

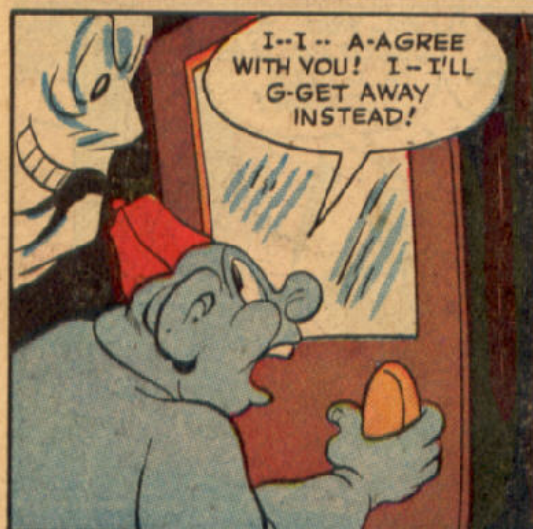
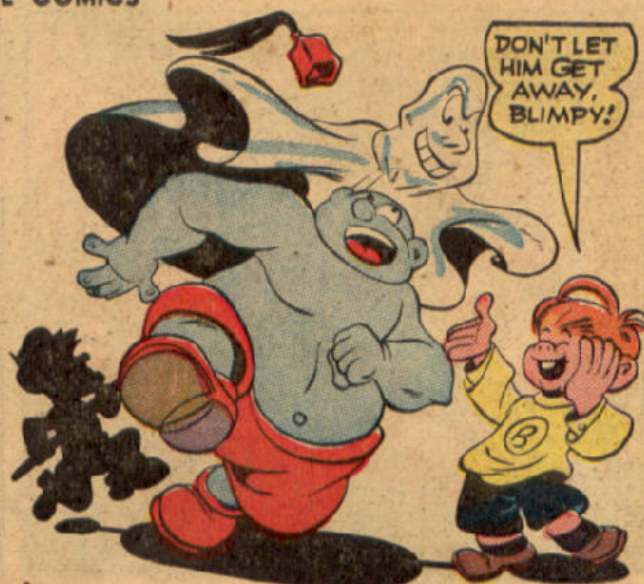
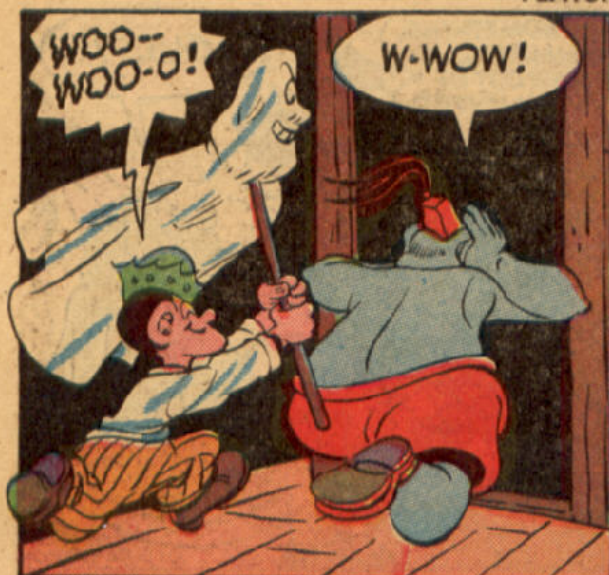


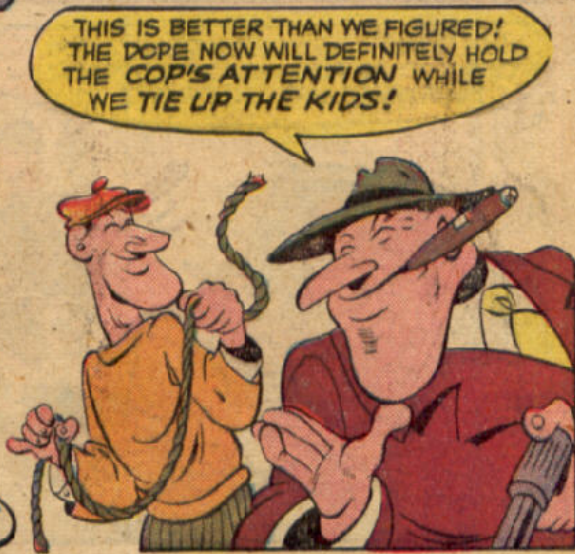
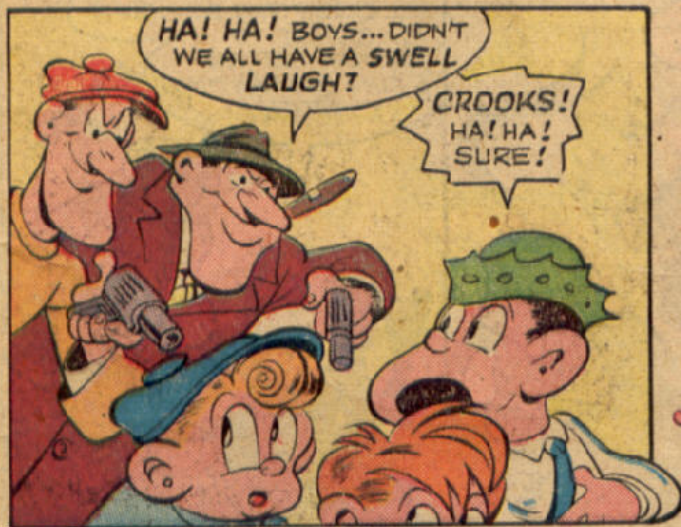
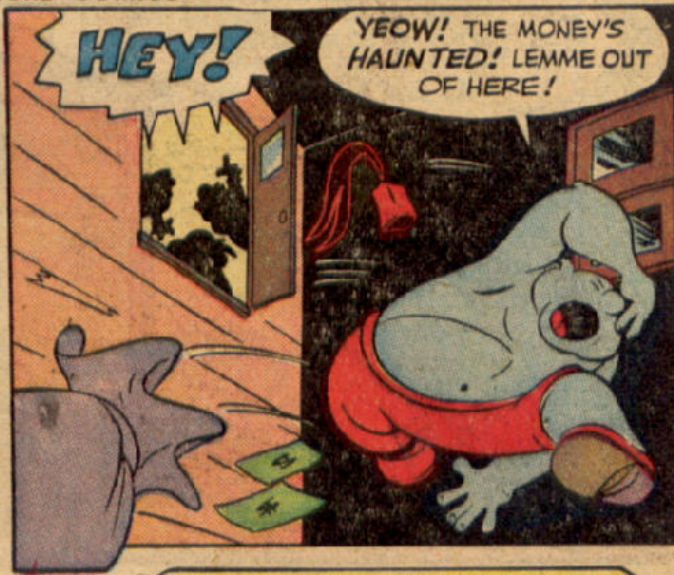


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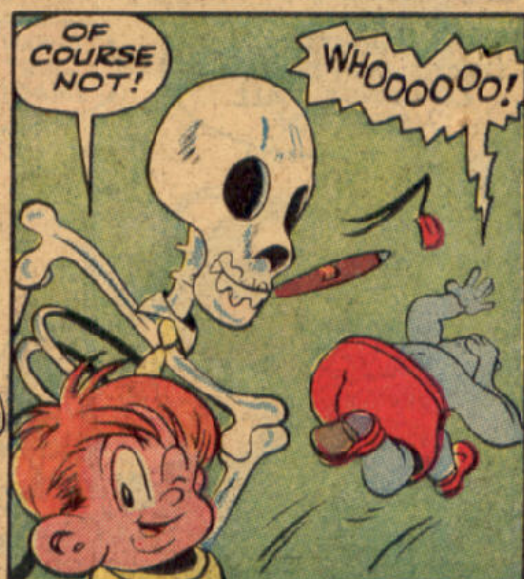
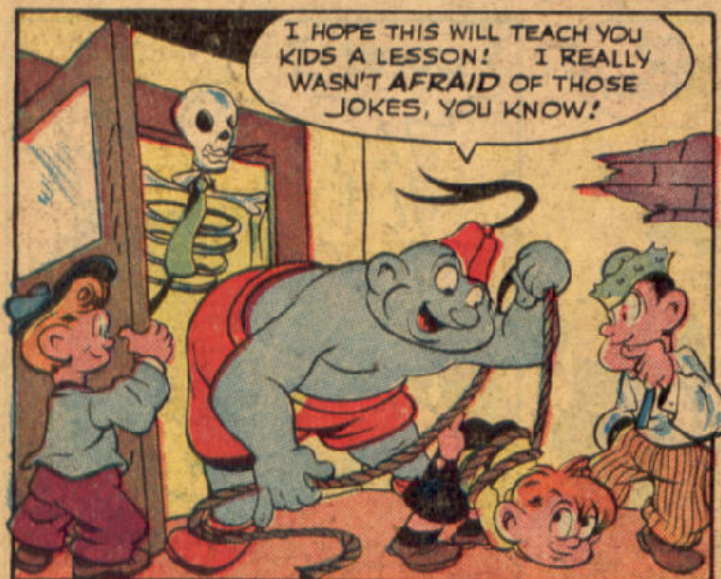
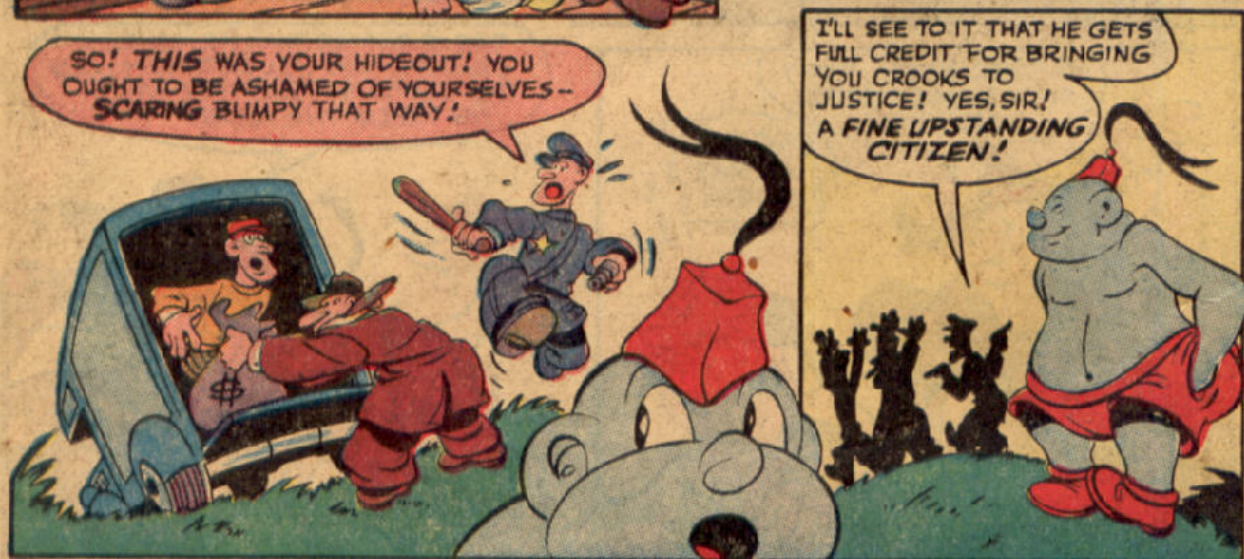








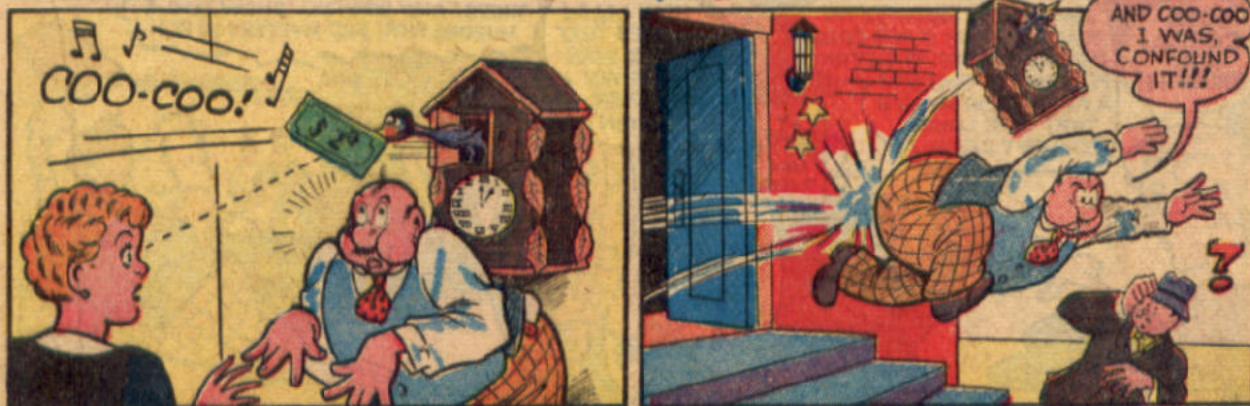
FEATURE COMICS



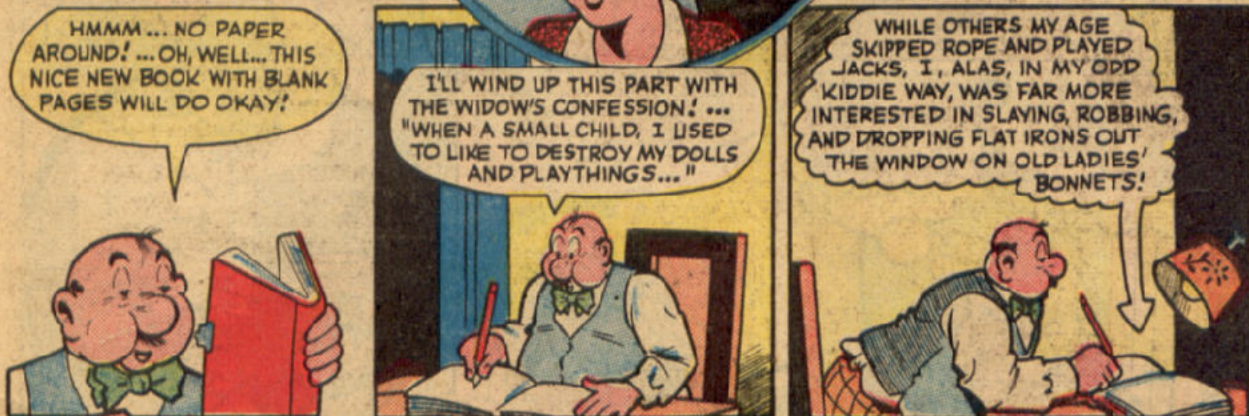
LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



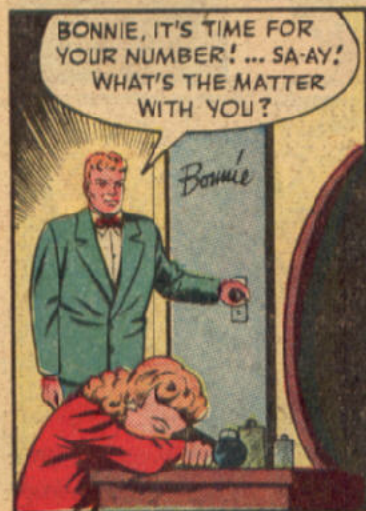
LALA PALOOZA



SWING SISSON



Swing Sisson and his two inseparable pals, songstress Bonnie Baxter and trumpeter Toby Tucker, are the *Three Musketeers of Jazz*! Nothing could ever come between them-- or so it seemed! Until a red-headed siren proved that even friends can fall out--over a woman!



BONNIE, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR NUMBER! ... SA-AY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Bonnie



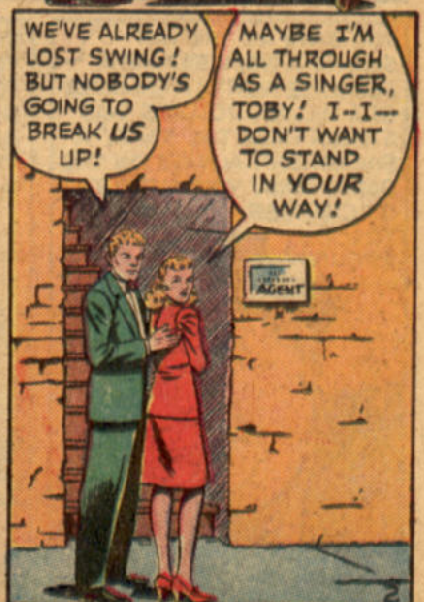
WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

I--I'M NOT GOING TO SING WITH THE BAND ANYMORE, TOBY! S-SWING FIRED ME!

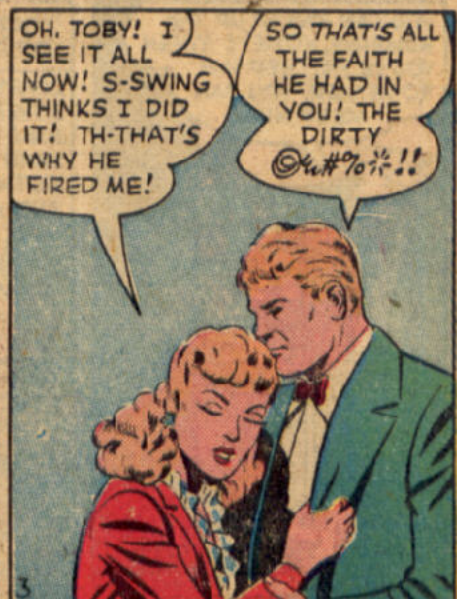
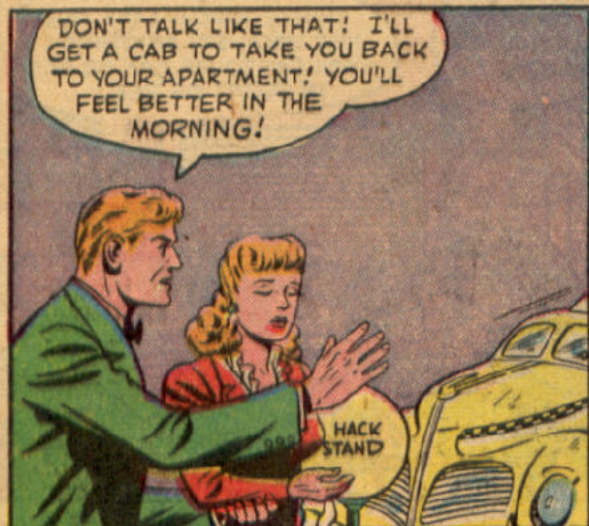


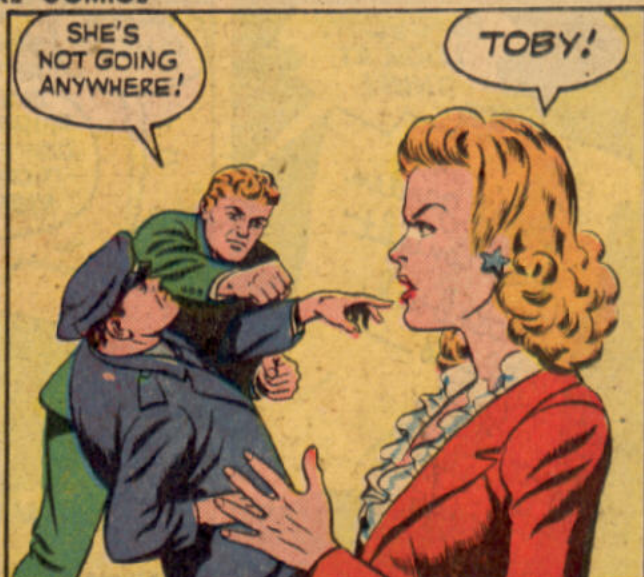
YOU'RE CRAZY! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S TRUE! HE-- HE'S HIRED A NEW GIRL SINGER! HER NAME IS TORCHY LANE!

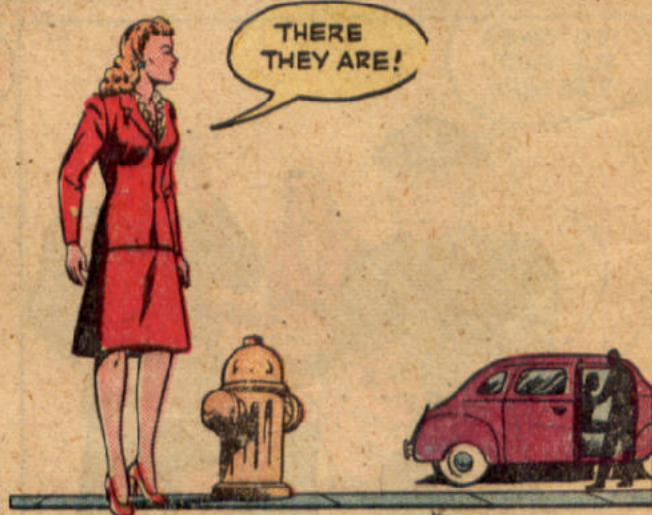
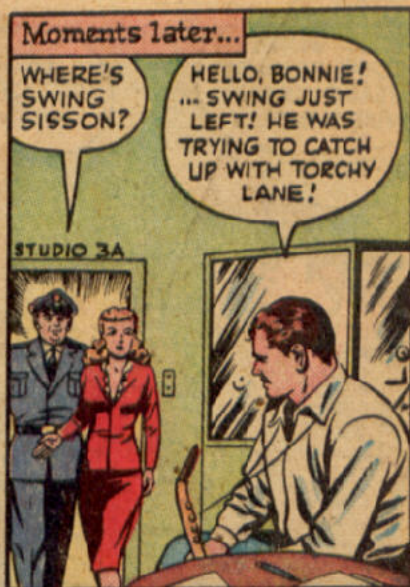


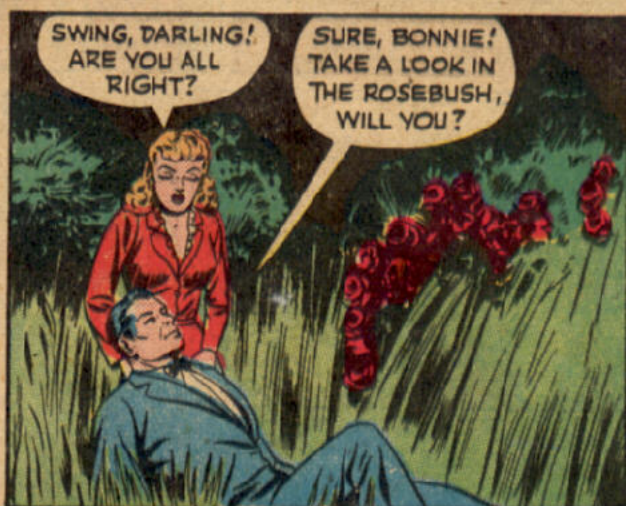
FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



NIPPIE

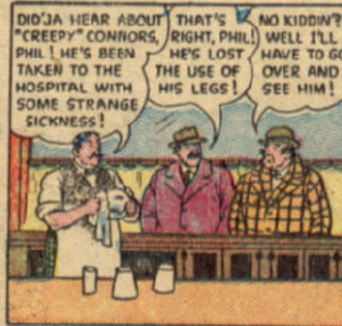
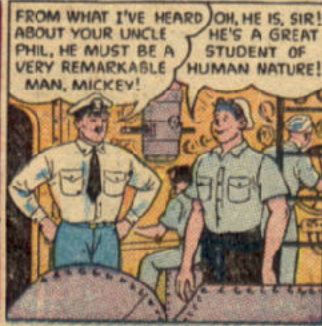
By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

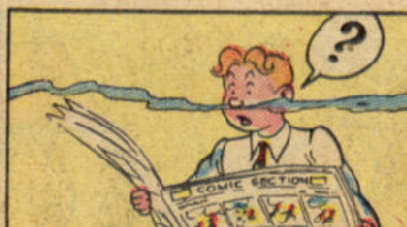
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

GEE, TOM—I WONDER WHAT UNCLE PHIL IS DOING TONIGHT!

HE'S PROBABLY DOWN AT CLANCY'S RIGHT THIS MINUTE, MICKEY—SETTLING SOME IMPORTANT QUESTION!

THERE'S ONE THING I'D LIKE TO BE SURE OF, PHIL AND I'M NOT!—AND IT'S PREYIN' ON MY MIND!

WHAT IS IT, DUGAN—YOU CAN CONFIDE IN ME!

WELL, FRANKLY IT'S THIS! I'M NOT SURE THE LIGHT INSIDE OUR REFRIGERATOR GOES OUT WHEN I CLOSE THE DOOR!

OF COURSE IT GOES OUT! YOU'RE BEING VERY SILLY!

BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE—THE LIGHT IS STILL ON WHEN THE DOOR CLOSES!

WELL, SUPPOSIN' IT DON'T GO OUT—IS THAT SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT?

IT'LL RUN UP MY ELECTRIC LIGHT BILL IF IT STAYS ON, WON'T IT? THAT'S SOMETHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, AIN'T IT?

DUGAN, YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS—THAT LITTLE LIGHT WOULDN'T USE UP A DOLLARS' WORTH OF JUICE IF IT STAYED LIT FOR 20 YEARS!

JUST THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

LISTEN, DUGAN! EXPERTS DESIGN THOSE REFRIGERATORS! YOU CAN REST ASSURED THE LIGHT GOES OUT—NOW FORGET ABOUT IT!

WELL, GOOD NIGHT, PHIL! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE!

OKAY! DON'T LET LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT WORRY YOU, DUGAN! YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!



IT'S MR DUGAN!

TELL HIM I'M OUT!

NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

BE CAREFUL PUTTING THE CORK BACK IN THAT INK, NIPPIE—USE YOUR TWO HANDS!

I'LL WATCH IT, DAD!



FEATURE COMICS

MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

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SEATRAP

WHEN Perry Scott received the radiophone message he quickly put the racy *Squid* about and headed back in the direction he had come. It was utterly ridiculous. He could not make head or tail of it. Blane had radioed:

**PERRY SKIPPER SQUID
NEED HELP MEN DISAP-
PEARING MYSTERIOUSLY.
STOP HURRY IT. BLANE.**

Perry looked at the written message which Rand, his radio operator, had taken down. What the dickens was going on back at Sandakar? And what could be making Blane's pearl-ers disappear? They were all seasoned native divers of long experience. Where were they disappearing?

The message troubled Perry. Blane was an old pal. He was in obvious trouble. Well, it would take the *Squid* nearly ten hours, speedy as she was, to reach the Sandakar coast and Blane's pearling beds.

Perry called into the speaking tube for all speed that could be poured on. The big craft took the bit in her teeth and fairly leaped through the water.

Perry went below to his cabin and pulled out a couple of books. They were treatises on the Sandakar coast, the natives, the pearling beds, etc. There was nothing to be found in them that smacked of anything mysterious in the entire region. Perry closed the two volumes after an hour's perusal and went up on the deck.

The evening was perfect, one of those beautiful tropical evenings that happened so often in this part of the south Atlantic. He leaned over the rail and gave his thoughts a free rein. Old Blane he had known since

high school days and through college. Blane had chosen mining and geology, but had been bitten by the adventure bug even before he got out of college. He had sailed all over the oceans in an old lugger, looking for his fortune, as he always put it.

"Well," said Perry to the breeze, "Blane sure found a mint in those pearl beds. Must have made his fortune a couple of times over in the last few years. . . . Wonder what's happening down there?"

Rand brought another radiophone message. This time it was even more urgent:

**TWO MORE GONE STOP
CAN YOU COAX SOME
SPEED OUT OF THAT
HOOKER BLANE**

Perry read the message twice and asked Rand to try and get Blane on the radiophone. He followed the operator into the cabin. After a moment, Rand held out the transmitter.

"Got through, sir, but Mr. Blane is not there. Will you talk to Mr. Higgins?"

Perry took the instrument and said, "Hello."

"This is Higgins, Captain Scott," said the man in Sandakar. "I'm sorry that Mr. Blane is not here at the moment. He was called to town just after relaying the last message you received. I know he'd like to talk with you, and he will call you again as soon as he returns. . . . yes, sir, I shall inform him of your call."

Perry handed back the transmitter. "Sounded like a perfect butler," he told Rand. "Who the heck is he, I wonder? Mebbe Blane will be calling again."

But Blane did not call that evening. Even at midnight, no-

thing had been heard from the pearling beds where mysterious disappearances were taking place.

"You'd better buzz 'em, Rand," Perry told his radio man.

Rand tried for 15 minutes but received no answer.

"Darn funny," Perry said. "Well we're within sixty miles of the coast. Be there soon."

That prediction didn't come out either. A stiff wind blew up a few minutes later, and soon it was blowing a young gale. They had to slow speed and lay to, while the gale blew into almost typhoon proportions. An hour went by. Two. Three. Still the wild wind screamed and hurled mountains of water over the *Squid's* decks.

It was one of the most violent and sudden storms Perry Scott had ever experienced, and it afforded a good test for the staying qualities of the big craft. She rode it out like a veteran, and Perry was very proud.

When the wind had fallen and the water settled into long easy swells, Rand tried the radiophone again. This time he thought he distinctly heard the instrument lifted from its hook and a man's voice shout something. But he couldn't understand what was said, and the next instant the phone went dead.

Perry was in a real quandary. What was going on at the pearl diving coast? Strange things certainly. They had lost the way during the storm, but now the boat was racing through the rolling water like some great bird. They should reach Sandakar in a couple of hours.

They reached it in one hour and twenty-five minutes. Blane

FEATURE COMICS

had a fine little harbor and they ran the *Squid* inshore and dropped the anchor. In a moment the small launch was lowered and Perry was shooting toward the neat pier.

Blane met him as he piled out of the launch and the two old friends gripped hands.

"Gad, am I glad you're here!" exclaimed Blane.

"What's the deal, Blaney? I'm all agog. Vanishing pearls—mystery—"

"It's all that, Perry, and more. Look. You know me from 'way back. I'm not cracked. I hire about a hundred divers most of the season. They're all good men. When they start disappearing while down, leaving no trace, wouldn't you get the wheemies?"

"Bad as that, eh?" Perry threw a glance over the good white buildings of the pearl fishery. "Got any enemies?"

Blane made a wry face. "You sound like a D. A. Who hasn't an enemy or two? In this racket you're bound to be a little unpopular with competitors. I suppose I have several, but they couldn't be doing this—this—"

"I know. But have you any real ugly ones—say, someone who'd murder to stop you—or get hold of your pearl mine here?"

Blane considered. "Any of 'em would like to have it. But how the heck could they get it? I own it. I have no intention of selling."

Perry said, "But the psychological value to them of scaring your natives. Have any of your divers left you recently?"

"Why, yes—yes, come to think of it, several of 'em have quit. But what are you getting at, Perry?"

"I'd say that's your mystery, Blaney. Someone wants your diggings here. So they grab a few divers and throw a scare into the others. Eventually you'll have a pack of fellows who won't go down for you."

Blane looked at his friend. "You know, that very thing happened yesterday, and again today. Five of those rescues refused to dive; they're the ones who quit. Maybe you have something there, Perry. But how the devil are we to catch the rat who's doing the dirty work?"

Perry started toward the little office. "I'll figure out something, old man. But right now I'm ravenous. Got anything to eat?"

Blane was instantly solicitous. "So sorry, old chap. Plumb forgot. Come on up. We'll have a fine dinner, best you ever tasted. Got a new Javanese cook."

The early morning found Perry busy working on a contrivance he had brought from his ship. He worked close to the water's edge, under a tent, so that no one could see what he was doing. No use taking chances, if his hunch was correct. And he was pretty sure it was. He was all set for the experiment at eight o'clock.

He launched his queer craft quickly a few minutes later and quietly disappeared beneath the surface of the ocean. He descended fast and the thick glass windows of the craft grew deep-green.

At last the strange craft rested on the sandy bottom of the harbor. Perry looked about, seeing little other than tropical fish, giant seaweed, and the myriad life of the ocean. Then suddenly his attention was attracted to a small submarine—about twice the size of his own—that nosed through the dark waters about a hundred feet from where his own craft rested.

The sub came to a stop and a diver emerged from it and walked to a huge mound that lay on the bottom. To this he fastened a cable, then went back to his sub and disappeared. Nothing further happened

for a time.

Then a swirl of water pre-saged the arrival of a pearl diver. The native came down gracefully and stood on his feet. He glanced around, saw the mound and made for it. In his hand was a long knife. He stabbed around the edge of the mound, at last getting his fingers under one of its edges. Then he began prying and lifting.

Abruptly he quit prying, and Perry knew something was amiss. The man twisted and pulled. His hands were securely held. He could not get away. His face held horror. The great mound began moving as the sub got under way. Perry acted then. He sent his craft ahead, leaped out and worked a piece of steel under the edges of the mound. The hands of the native diver came loose, and the man shot upward, fear-crazed.

Perry went after the mysterious submarine which had cut the cable loose and vanished with a burst of unexpected speed. Perry knew his craft was not fast enough to catch it.

He came to the surface, with the cable still attached to the mound. It was a huge abalone, monster of the deep and a well known man trap. Lying on the bottom these creatures hold their great shell lids open to catch prey. Anything touching the edges causes the lid to clap down and nothing escapes.

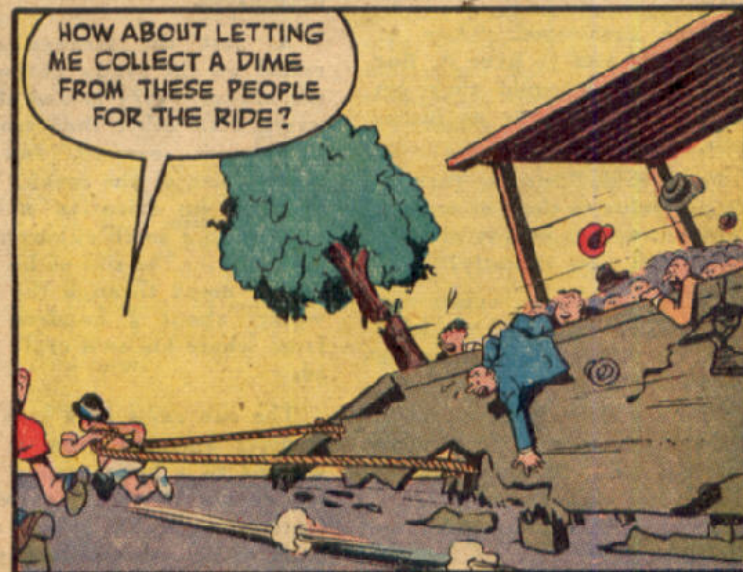
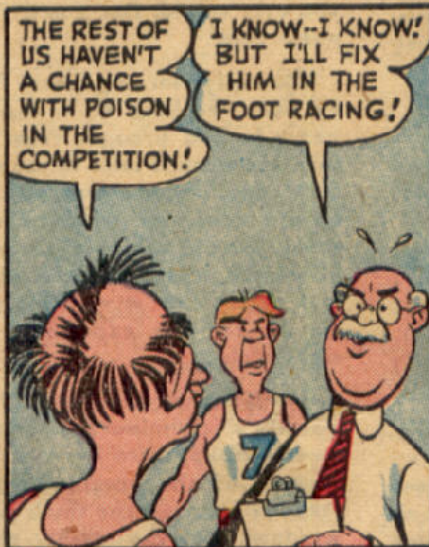
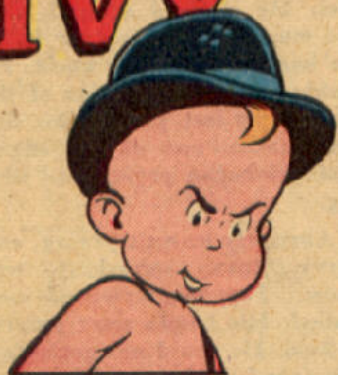
Perry told his story to Blane.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the latter. "Who could it be?"

"That will have to come later," Perry replied. "I can rebuild this little sub to do twice its present speed. We'll waylay our ocean bottom prowler. He's either a murderer or a crafty kidnaper. Give me a few days, Blaney, and we'll have him."

That was the last time a pearler disappeared from Blane's harbor.

POISON IVY



SPIN SHAW

Break it up, boys!!! Leave
battling and babes to
CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW!



THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW,
CAPTAIN SHAW --- HIGH
COMMAND HAS
DECLARED THAT
RIPRAP CAFE IS
OUT OF BOUNDS
FOR ALL
SERVICES!

THAT'S
WHERE
SOLDIERS
ARE FIGHTING
SAILORS EVERY
NIGHT --- AND
MARINES FIGHTING
BOTH! WHY,
LIEUTENANT?



THIS SEEMS TO BE THE
ANSWER, SIR --- DARLA,
THE DANCER! THEY
HAVE PRETTY RUGGED
RIOTS ABOUT WHICH
SERVICE SHE
PREFERS!

I SEE,
LIEUTENANT...
I SEE!



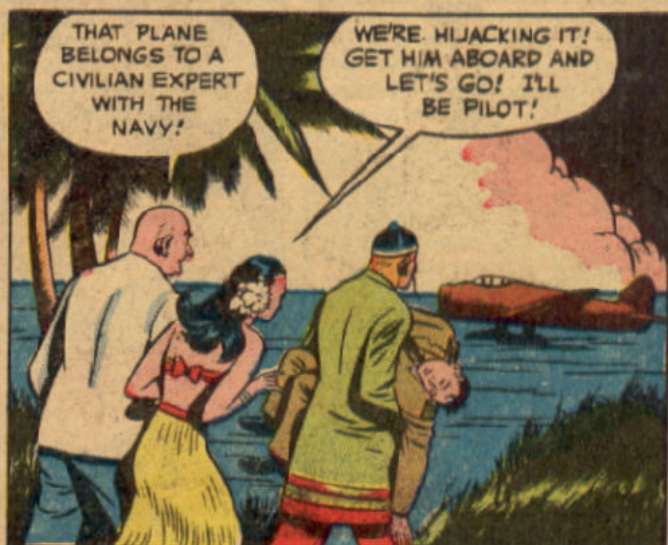
YES ---
IN-DEEEED!



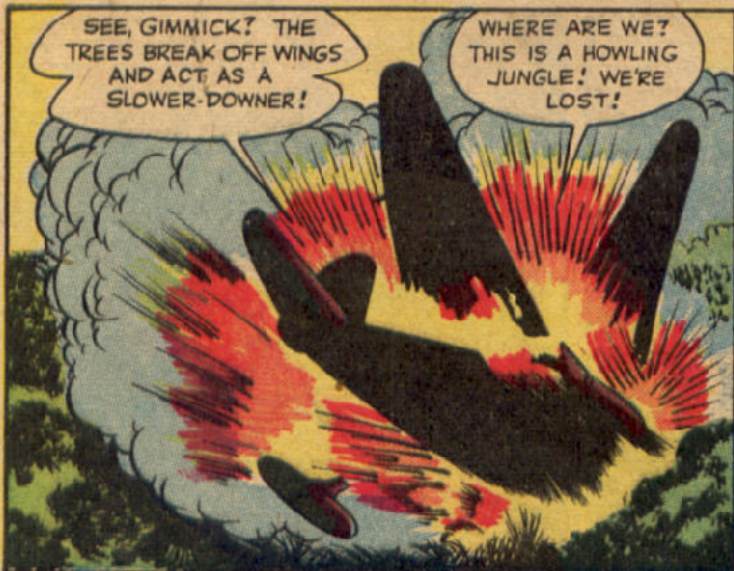
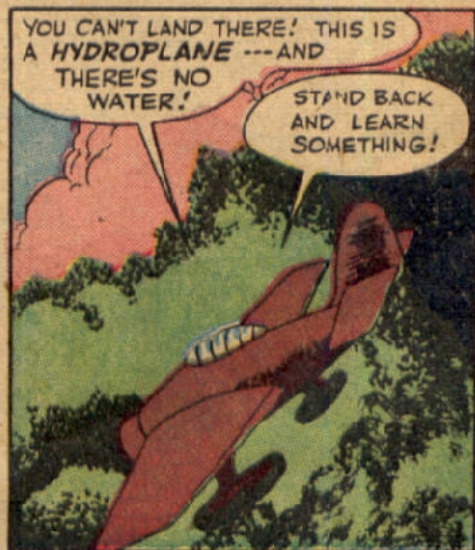
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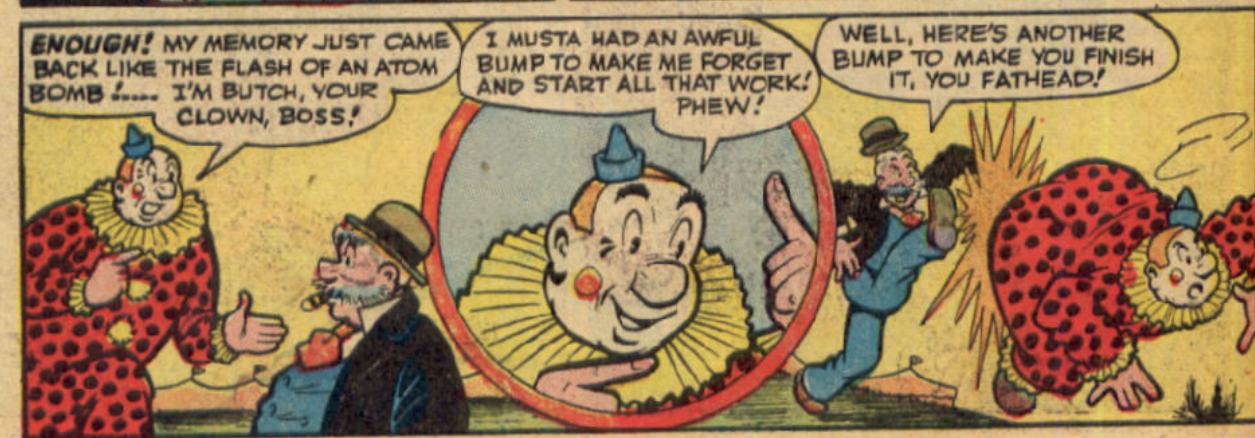
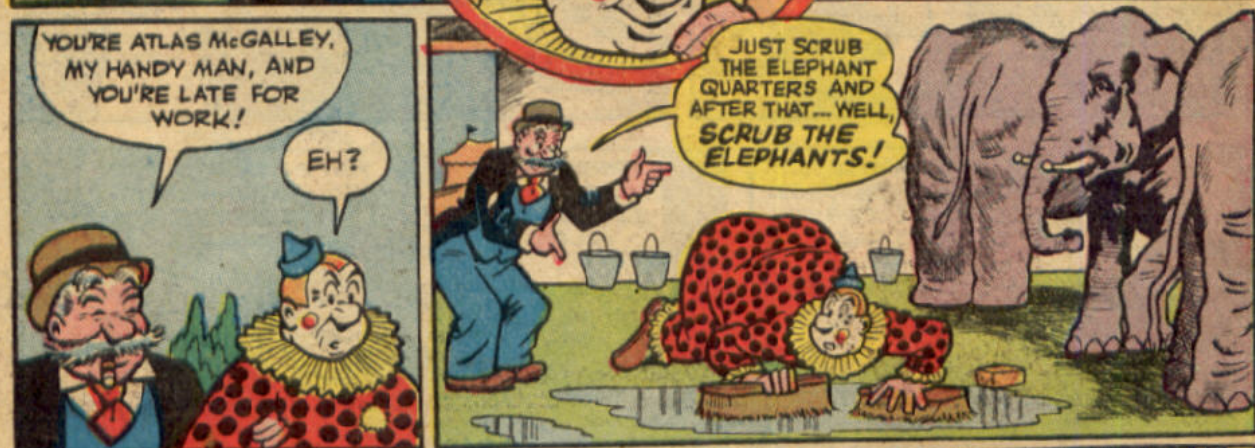
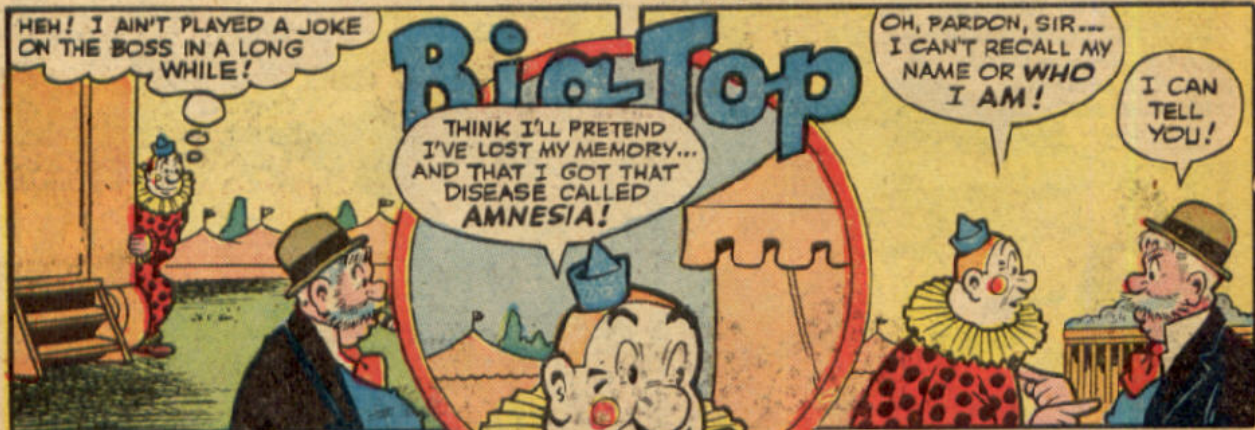


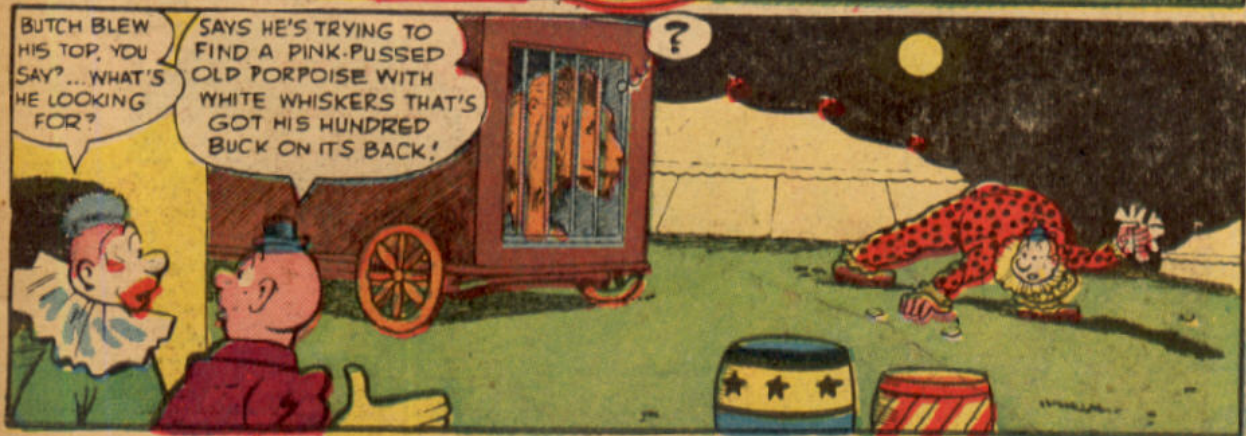
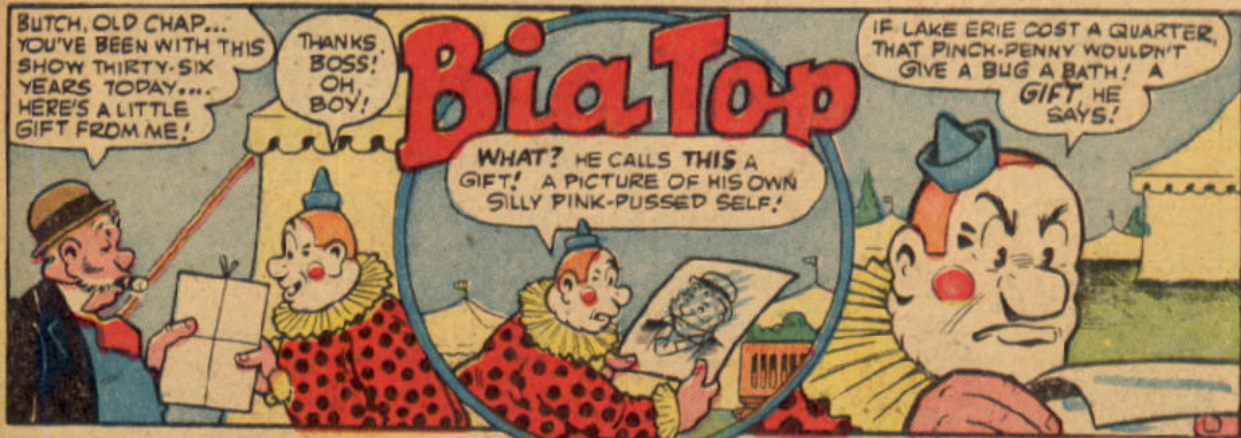
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Rusty RYAN

and The
Boyville
Brigadiers

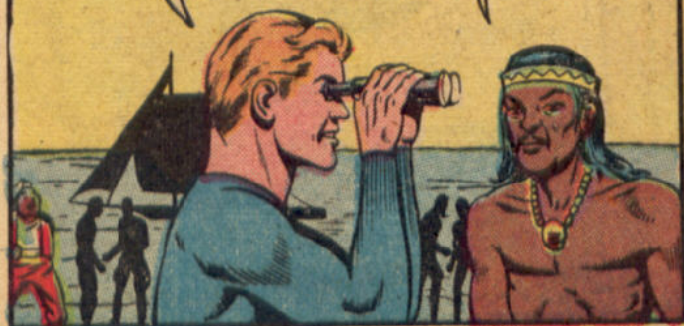
They started in Boyville, U.S.A.--and they've been nearly everywhere since! But where have the Boyville Brigadiers met stranger adventure than on **THE ISLE OF THE DEAD?**



It was for **REST** that the Boyville Brigadiers dropped anchor in the friendly harbor of Yava-Yava...

THAT ISLAND ON THE HORIZON, CHIEF! IT ISN'T ON OUR CHARTS!

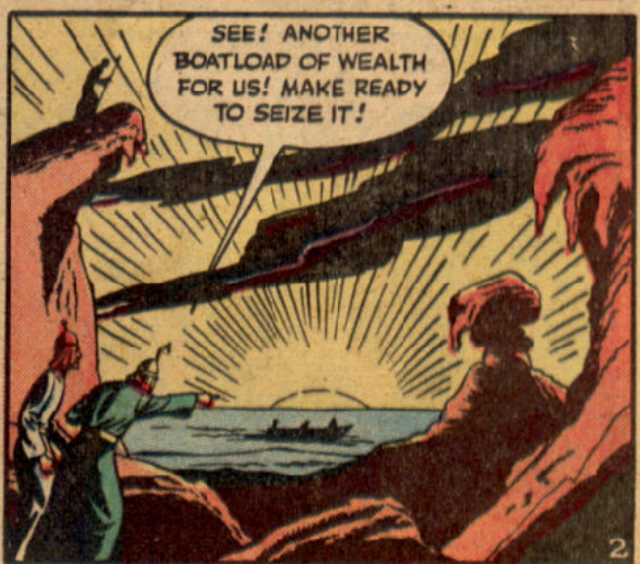
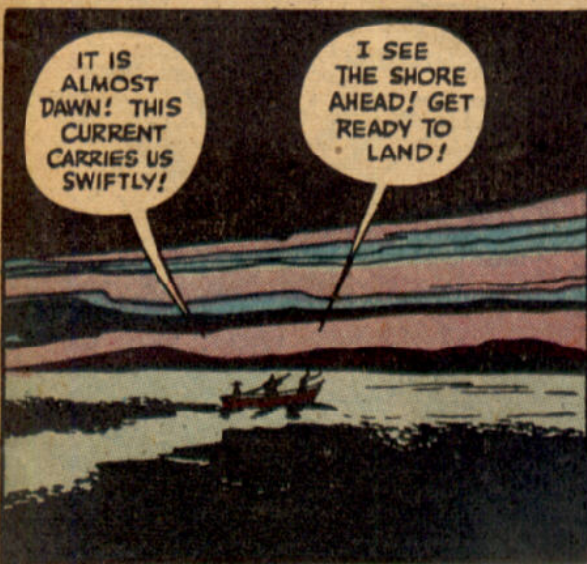
IT'S ON NO CHART BECAUSE NOBODY GOES THERE! IT IS THE **ISLE OF THE DEAD!**

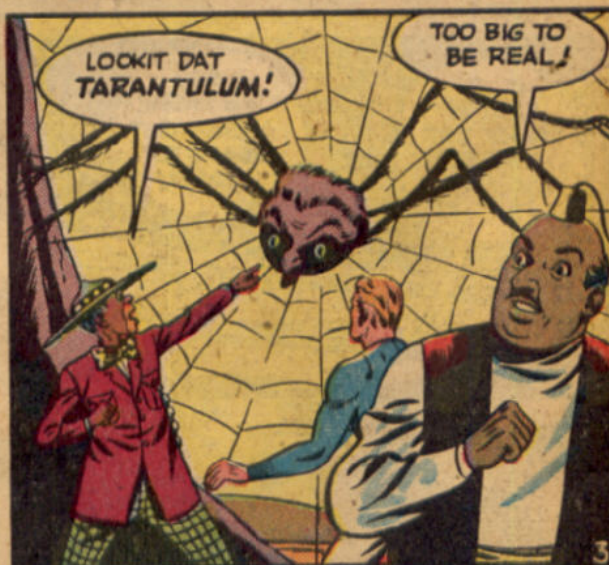
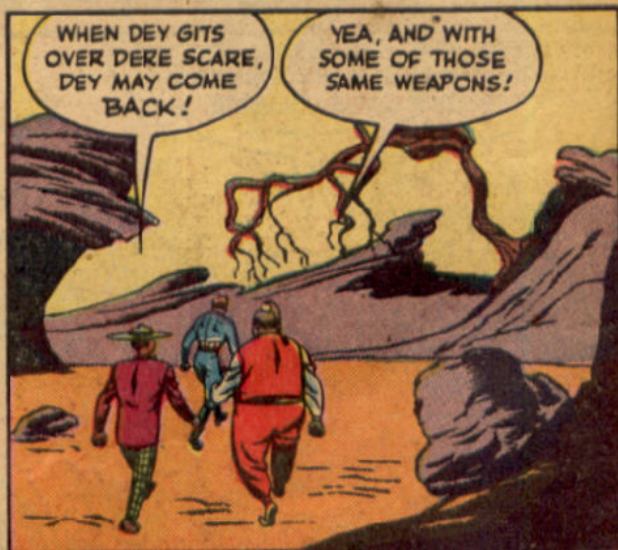


WHEN OUR PEOPLE DIE, WE PLACE THEM IN CANOES AND THE CURRENT CARRIES THEM TO THAT ISLAND! NOBODY **LIVING** HAS EVER GONE THERE -- AND RETURNED!

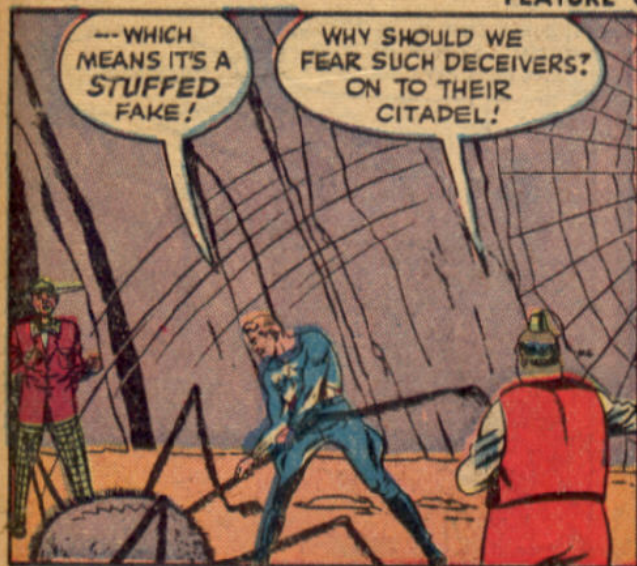


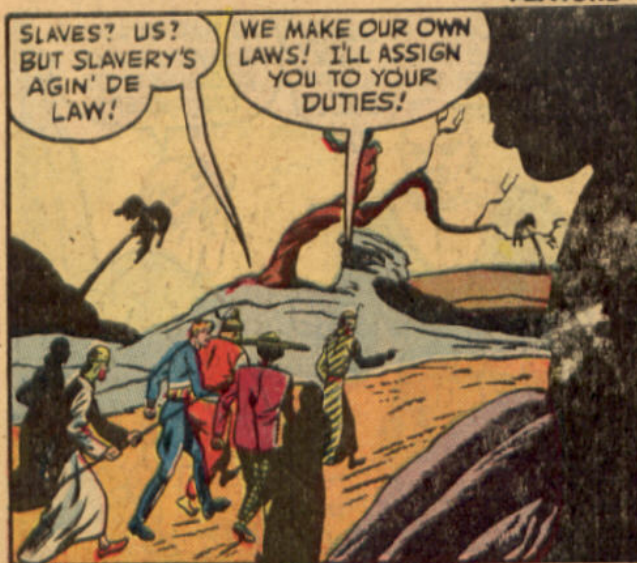
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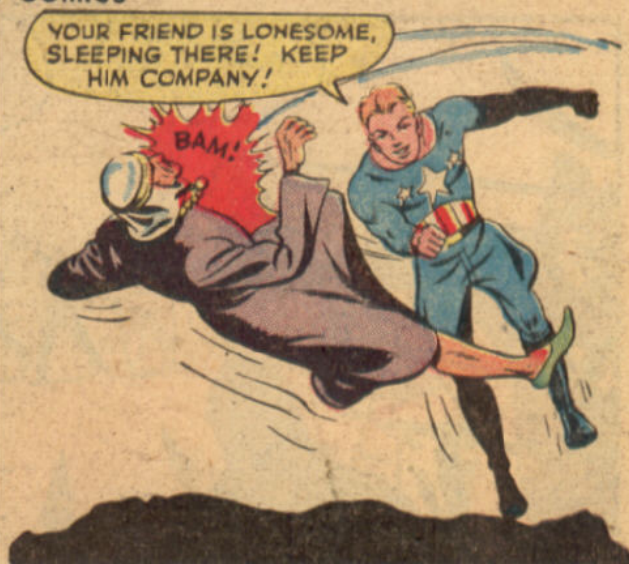




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I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



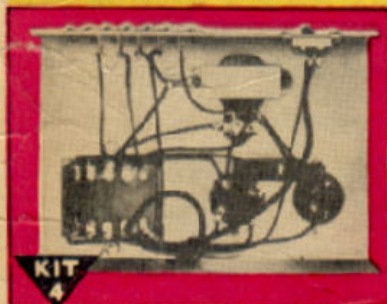
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

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J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6DA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

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Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order American Seeds.

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with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1 extra.



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with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.

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a really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Given for selling one order.

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PEARL NECKLACES or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.



Play it with Music!

Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



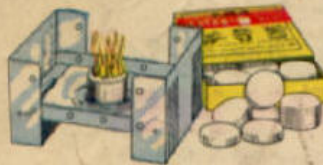
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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



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